

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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DIED

In Brookline, Mass., May 17, 1870, Aged 73 Years,

ELIAKIM LITTELL,

For twenty-six years Editor of The Living Age.

From The Quarterly Review.
LANFREY'S NAPOLEON.*

M. LANFREY'S "History of Napoleon" is a book which even in its unfinished state, cannot fail to inspire the highest respect for the author and the deepest interest in the trains of reflection which it suggests. Independently of its merits as a succinct, original, lucid and severely accurate summary of events, it vividly reproduces and helps to solve problems of incalculable importance to society. Is greatness hopelessly incompatible with goodness? Must the brightest of mankind be invariably the meanest? "The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight. Strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth." Is the plumage of soaring ambition made up of deceit, dissimulation, vain glory, and false pretences? Should we fix it to the earth by stripping off its feathers, or by weighting it with honour, probity, and truth? Fielding leaves it to be inferred, if he does not actually maintain, that the only essential difference between Jonathan Wild and the conquerors who are popularly called "the great," lay in the scale of their respective exploits, in the narrowness or boundlessness of the field on which the common faculty for mischief and lust of rapine was displayed. Nor, if Jonathan had not committed the mistake of getting hanged, is it by any means clear to our minds that he would have failed to command a considerable amount of admiration from the modern school of hero-worshippers, whose sole criterion of merit is success. With them, the means or instruments are little or nothing; the results everything. In their eyes, it is comparatively immaterial whether the coveted celebrity, elevation, or aggrandisement is attained by appealing to the noblest or the basest feelings, by the unbought suffrages of the wise and good or by flattering and corrupting the foolish and the bad —

"Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo."

Let the aspirant only climb or creep to the highest pinnacle, let him become the enslaver of his country or one of the arbiters of the world's destiny, and he receives full

absolution for the past. He has done no wrong; he can do none. Let him, on the other hand, be checked, like Washington, by patriotism or public virtue, and he is relegated at once to the second or third rank of greatness; if, indeed, he is admitted to be in any sense great. Cæsar, Cromwell, and Napoleon are the three self-raised men, the three architects of their own fortunes, who have filled the largest space in history. None of these was ever troubled by a scruple when a decisive step was to be taken or his personal position was at stake; and it is a remarkable fact that the one amongst them whose rise and career are the most wonderful, was the freest from any sort of moral restraint whatever.

Some thirty years since a prize was offered at an Italian university for the best essay on the thesis: "What man since the creation of the world has acquired the most extended celebrity?" The pre-eminence was awarded to Napoleon, and a similar pre-eminence would be awarded to him if the question had been, "What man since the creation of the world has combined so much that is mean, petty, wicked, and reprehensible, with such lofty ambition, such comprehensiveness of view, such grasp of mind, such superhuman energy, such versatility and universality of genius and capacity?"

It may fairly be assumed that M. Lanfrey had this or some such question in his mind when he planned his history, for its clear scope and tendency throughout are to disabuse the public mind of a cherished error and at least compel a discriminating judgment from posterity. He is the most useful and enlightened of iconoclasts. Improving on Oxenstiern, he says in effect: "Go and see with how little principle the world is governed; by what paltry arts it may be deluded and enslaved; how power, rank, titles, honours, may be won and kept by talents and qualities combined with knavery and effrontery, which would have been missed or forfeited by the same talents and qualities combined with a sense of honour and self-respect; how often men are exalted by their worst qualities and depressed by their best!" For it is not simply the central figure, with its colossal proportions, that is made to point the moral. The at-

* *Histoire de Napoleon Ier.* Par P. Lanfrey. Tome Premier et Tome Deuxieme. Paris, 1867. Tome Troisieme, 1868. Tome Quatrieme, 1870.

tendant groups are graphically sketched as illustrations of the epoch, and, as was to be anticipated, the circling satellites reflect the spots without the splendour of their sun.

The discriminating estimate of Napoleon's character and conduct which now bids fair to become the recognized one, was formed and expressed half a century ago by English writers and statesmen, whose earnest warnings and high toned protests were attributed to national antipathy and prejudice.* How little progress had been made till recently in dissipating the delusive halo that enveloped his name, is shown by the influence of M. Thiers' "History," which made that name again a spell to conjure with, a thing of life and motion, which wafted back in triumph the cherished freight of bones (not ashes) from St. Helena, blew the slumbering embers of Imperialism into a flame, and led by an obvious train of causes to the restoration of the dynasty. Fictitious effects are never lasting. A rude shock was given to the military infallibility of the idol by Colonel Charras, when he ruthlessly exposed the blunders of the campaign of 1815, with the falsification of facts, dates and documents subsequently perpetrated to cover them. The authors of "Le Conscri" did good service by showing the cost of glory in national suffering and privation, and the terrible retribution that may be exacted when the parts of vanquished and victor, invaded and invader, are reversed. But it was reserved for M. Lanfrey to complete the disenchantment, to cast down the brazen image, and compel even worshippers to acknowledge that their adoration has been often miserably misplaced.

The contrasted characters of the two writers, approaching their subject from diametrically opposite directions, rendered inevitable the startling discrepancy between M. Thiers and M. Lanfrey. The brilliant historian of the Consulate and Empire started with a determination to award the entire credit of success to Napoleon when he succeeded, and to throw the entire blame on his subordinates when he failed; to praise everything that could be praised with a

semblance of reason or plausibility, and to excuse or palliate everything that by no possibility of construction could be made to bear praise. He rarely, if ever, thinks of submitting any Napoleonic scheme or exploit to the ordeal of principle, until it has been condemned by what he calls "*la justice des temps*," i. e. by the event; when he blames it (as Talleyrand blamed the execution of the Duc d'Enghien) more as a blunder than a crime. Now, it is the intensity of the moral sense, the love of right, the hatred of injustice, the scorn of falsehood, that constitute the strength of M. Lanfrey, and have enabled him to move among the accumulated mass of trustworthy and apocryphal materials at his disposal, armed, as it were, with the Ithuriel spear of truth. Incomparably the most important of these, constituting, indeed, the groundwork and main dependence of his work, is the "Correspondence of Napoleon," of which the 28th volume, bringing it down to July, 1815, has recently appeared.* But a startling amount of new material for Napoleonic history has been brought to light within a few years in the shape of Memoirs, Letters, and Despatches, and the whole of these have been subjected to the minutest investigation by M. Lanfrey, who has thereby been enabled to light up his narrative with numerous traits and touches that give it an air of novelty, even when the scene is crowded with familiar faces and the main action is well known. In his pages the boyhood and early youth of Napoleon arrest attention, although one would have thought that there was nothing new to be said or suggested till we come to the period when the germs of ambition began to stir in him, and the distinctive features of his character were fixed.

* We may refer our readers to some of the earliest numbers of the "Quarterly Review" in which the real character of Napoleon was exposed. See, for example, "Q. R." vol. iv. p. 1 seq.; vol. v. p. 73 seq.; vol. vi. p. 38 seq., and several subsequent volumes.

* "Correspondance de Napoleon Ier., Publiee par Ordre de l'Empereur Napoleon III." The first sixteen volumes, ending August, 1867, were published without alteration or reserve, and it is these which have been principally laid under requisition by M. Lanfrey, whose fourth volume closes with the battle of Essling (May, 1809.) The effect of this unreserved publication on the great man's memory having disappointed expectation, a fresh Commission was issued in 1864, with instructions to be more cautious. The last twelve volumes, therefore, are by no means so compromising or so valuable. A capital selection has appeared under the title of "Napoleon Ier Peint par Lui-meme. Par M. Raudot, Ancien Representant de l'Yonne." Paris, 1856.

"I was born," to use his own words, "when my country was perishing; the cries of the dying, the groans of the oppressed, the tears of despair, surrounded my cradle from my birth." So ingrained were these Corsican influences, that he narrowly missed becoming a patriot on a small scale, the vindicator of the oppressed of his native country, instead of the oppressor of half the countries of the globe. To re-enact the part of Paoli and restore the independence of Corsica, was more than the dream of his boyhood. It was his highest ambition for five years after he received his first commission; and for the realization of this project he ran risks which place his earnestness beyond dispute. In his seventeenth year (1786), on leaving Brienne, he joined the regiment de la Fère, then in garrison at Valence, with the rank of second lieutenant. He here received that essential part of masculine education which Prince Pückler Muskau calls the education of the drawing-room, and which Lord Chesterfield recommends so strongly and repeatedly in the famous Letters. He formed a close friendship with a young married woman, attractive and distinguished, who undertook his introduction to society. Not even at this susceptible age, however, does it appear that female influence sank deep. In a "Dialogue sur l'Amour," written at Valence, he gravely and seriously lays down, that "Love does more harm than good, and it would be the good deed of a protecting divinity to rid us of it." He began a history of Corsica at Valence, and in 1791 he published his *Lettre à Matteo Buttafuoco*, the principal instrument of Choiseul in the annexation of Corsica to France, who is overwhelmed with invective and contumely, whilst Paoli is exalted to the skies. Buttafuoco sat as deputy of the Corsican nobility in the Convention, and a passage in the letter alluding to this circumstance is a curiosity, as regards both sentiment and style:

"O Lameth! O Robespierre! O Petion! O Volney! O Mirabeau! O Barnave! O Bailley! O Lafayette. Behold the man who dares to seat himself by your side. All dripping with the blood of his brothers, sullied by crimes of every kind. . . . As if he were the choice of the peo-

ple! They have done to his effigy what they would have been glad to do to his person."

It was in Corsica that the embryo great man first tried his hand at a *coup d'état*, and it was there, again, that recovering as by a strong effort from his fever of public virtue, he definitively laid aside the loyalty and disinterestedness of his youth. Each of these episodes is illustrative; each of them casts its shadow before.

"The bargain (says M. Lanfrey) is struck. At the moment when history is about to take possession of Bonaparte, calculation and ambition have already got the better of all other motives. Behold him disengaged from every scruple of opinion, steeled against every political predilection, on the best terms with the conquerors without being irreconcilable with the conquered, disembarrassed of all the generous illusions of the past, and measuring in his mind's eye the unlimited field opening before him. This predestined of glory has already no counsellor but his insatiable genius, no rule but a certain ideal of greatness, and what he himself calls circumstances, that is, accomplished facts, success, fortune. Let the opportunity arise, he will not let it escape. It did not delay presenting itself with an *eclat* beyond his hopes."

The siege of Toulon was the commencement of his military reputation, which rose with unprecedented rapidity during the Italian campaign of 1794. This he really directed whilst acting as General of Artillery under Dumerbion, an old and worn out officer, who commanded in chief. Compromised by his connection with the Robespierres, he was recalled: his fortunes once more hung wavering in the balance, and absolute destitution stared him in the face. In the summer or early autumn of 1795, during the financial crisis brought on by the over-issue of assignats, he was so pressed for money as to be obliged to share the slender resources of Junot and Bourrienne, and even to sell his books. His state of mind under these trials is described as fluctuating between ardent hope, high imaginings, and blank despondency. There were moments when he dreamed of nothing more than a comfortable retreat in the country, with the calm of domestic life; and it will be remembered that the Duke of Wellington, when a subaltern, exhibited a parallel blindness to what providence had in store

for him, by applying to a Lord-Lieutenant (Lord Camden) for a Commissionership of Customs.

The extraordinary restlessness and versatility of the nascent hero of twenty-six, combined with his love of excitement, led him to make a passing study of Parisian society, which was just emerging after a long eclipse and making up for lost time by free indulgence in luxury, dissipation and intrigue. His impressions are given in a letter to his brother Joseph, July 12, 1795:—

"The carriages, the fine world, reappear, or rather they remember, only as they would remember a long dream, that they have ever ceased to shine. . . . Everything is brought together to distract and make life pleasant. We are torn from our reflexions; and be lowspirited if you can, in this activity of mind and this unceasing whirl. The women are everywhere—at the theatres, on the public walks, in the libraries. In the cabinet of the *savant* you see very pretty persons. Here alone, of all places of the earth, they deserve to hold the rudder: the men consequently run mad about them, think only of them, live only by and for them. A woman requires six months to learn what is due to her and what her empire is."

Yet this empire of women, which was her due, was rudely, contemptuously, cruelly set aside the moment its mildest, most appropriate influence was exerted within his own.

His value was too well known to admit of prolonged neglect or forgetfulness. On the arrival of bad news from the army of Italy, Pontecoulant, the war-minister, sent for Bonaparte to attach him to the Committee by which plans of operations for the various armies were prepared. He drew up for Kellermann, the commander-in-chief of that army, and a little later for his successor, Scherer, a series of instructions comprising all the principal combinations which he afterwards carried out in the first and most brilliant of his Italian campaigns. Their reception is the best evidence of his superiority. Kellermann replied that "their author was only fit for a lunatic asylum," and Scherer that "it was for him who had conceived to realize them," a sarcasm which turned out a sound and just appreciation of their merit. Bonaparte was far from mortified at their rejection. He was at no time anxious for others to acquire glory at his expense, and it was as a man of action, not a man of ideas, that he felt predestined to shine. On the 12th August he wrote to Joseph:—"I am constantly in the state of mind in which one is at the eve of a battle, convinced by sentiment that when death is there in the midst to end all, to be anxious

is folly. All leads me to brave chance and destiny, and if that lasts, my friend, I shall end by not turning aside to avoid a carriage." As if to complete the contrast, on the 25th September, 1795, ten days before the affair of the Sections, his name was struck out of the list of Generals in active service to gratify some grudge of the war-minister.

The scene of action was the hall of the section Le Peletier, which had taken the lead in opposition to the Convention. Their troops were commanded by Menou, who hesitated at the critical moment, and began to treat instead of calling on the sectionaries to lay down their arms and disperse. The result was a truce by which the troops were to retire and the insurgents were to evacuate the hall. The troops retired, the insurgents remained, and hastened to proclaim what all Paris accepted as their victory. The tumult was at its height between eight and nine in the evening. Bonaparte was at the theatre Feydeau. On hearing what was going on, he repaired to the hall, witnessed the conclusion of the scene, and then hastened to the Assembly. They had just decreed the arrest of Menou, and were discussing the different Generals to whom it would be best to intrust the command. Bonaparte, unseen amongst the audience, heard his own name proposed, and hesitated "during nearly half an hour" on the part he should have to take. This rests solely on his own authority in his Memoirs. What is more trustworthy, remarks M. Lanfrey, is that the name which united most suffrages was that of Barras, then in some sort the arbiter of the situation, thanks to the recollection of his energetic conduct on the 9th Thermidor. Barras caused Bonaparte to be nominated along with him; a circumstance which has been suppressed in each of the three versions which Bonaparte has left of this most important episode of his life. The sole command practically devolved on him. The army of the Convention did not exceed eight thousand men; that of the Sections fell little short of forty thousand; but the advantage of discipline was on his side: he had, moreover, forty pieces of artillery, which his adversaries, not yet acquainted with their man, did not expect to be used against them. He posted his troops in the Louvre and the Tuileries, converting them into a kind of entrenched camp, and guarding all the approaches with cannon. The sectionaries were commanded by General Danican, an officer of small capacity, and by a returned emigrant, Lafond, a young man of the most brilliant courage. On finding the preparations made

for their reception, they halted and remained inactive during the greater part of the day (13th Vendémiaire). At about half-past four Danican gave the signal and Bonaparte mounted his horse. The battle was soon over. The heads of the attacking columns were mowed down by grapeshot in whatever direction they advanced; and after being three times rallied by Lafond, the boldest gave way and the victory of the Convention was complete. Such amongst them as really desired order or regular government had small ground for self-congratulation, for this fatal day was the triumph of the soldier over the citizen: it taught power to rely upon the army, and the army to dispose of power. It prepared the way for a military dictatorship, and its first fruits were reaped by the self-same man who was to profit by it most largely in the end.

Barras having resigned in his favour, Bonaparte was declared general of the interior; and the manner in which he used his opportunities shews both his own grasping character and the absence of legal checks on the cupidity or ambition of any one who contrived to work himself into a position of influence or command. Besides assuming the entire control of the regular troops, the national guard and the military arrangements of the capital, he claimed a voice in most civil affairs, protected emigrants, recalled dismissed officers, distributed commissions amongst his creatures, gave away places to his friends and relations, whom he sent for expressly, and transmitted large sums of money to his family. The Directory, which had only just been established by his instrumentality, regarded his proceedings with distrust; and fear or jealousy had probably quite as much to do with his nomination to the command of the army of Italy as admiration or gratitude.

There was also another motive which actuated their leading spirit, Barras, whose share in promoting Bonaparte's private and public interest at this conjuncture he and his partisans have been anxious to shade over or suppress. A touching incident had just brought him acquainted with Josephine, Madame de Beauharnais, whose relations with Barras were of the most intimate and confidential kind, although we are quite ready to believe that the popular reflections on her reputation were unjust. M. Thiers speaks of Bonaparte as having felt for her "only a *gout* that time had dissipated, an esteem that many instances of lightness had diminished." According to M. Lanfrey, "he had conceived an ardent and exalted passion for her, fanned by the knowledge

that this marriage would at the same time give him the part (*rôle*) he most longed for, and open to him the ranks of a society which had hitherto answered his advances by excessive distrust. He threw into this affection—the only one, it is said, which ever made his heart beat—all the eagerness and fire of his impetuous nature. As to Madame de Beauharnais, she felt in his presence more trouble and astonishment than love." She herself has related how her consent was mainly brought about by the offer of Barras to make her a wedding present of the command of the army of Italy. "*Barras*," she wrote shortly before the marriage, "assures me that, if I marry the general, he will procure this command for him. Yesterday Bonaparte was speaking to me of this favour, which is already causing murmurs amongst his professional brethren, although not yet granted." "Do they believe that I need protection to rise? They will all be too happy one of these days if I deign to grant them mine. My sword is by my side, and with it I shall go far (*j'irai loin*)."

He spoke with the proud consciousness of genius, and he had done enough to justify it; but she did not love him enough to catch confidence from his inspiration, and it was with a marked presentiment of self-sacrifice that she gave her hand. He was named General-in-Chief of the army of Italy on the 23rd February, 1796, and the marriage was celebrated on the 9th of March, the bridegroom adding a year to his real age, and the bride deducting four years from hers, in the register. He was in his twenty-seventh year and she thirty-two.

Former historians have emulously, and with good reason, expatiated on the originality and brilliancy of the ensuing campaign, with its results. It was reserved for M. Lanfrey to fix attention on the avowed object for which hostilities were undertaken, and the fresh set of motives by which the French soldier was urged on. The republican armies had hitherto fought, or pretended to fight, for liberty. They were now about to fight professedly for conquest and plunder. Bonaparte's instructions, which he interpreted in the widest and worst sense, were to excite rebellion, to acquire stated territories by force or fraud, to annex or barter them, and to make the war pay its own expenses whether it was carried on in a friendly or an enemy's country. His first proclamation to the army ran thus:—

"Soldiers, you are badly fed and almost naked. The government owes you much: it can

edo nothing for you. Your patience, your courage, do you honour, but procure you neither profit nor glory. I am about to lead you into the most fertile country of the world. You will find honour, glory, and riches. Soldiers of Italy, shall you want courage?"

"It was not in a day," remarks M. Lanfrey, "that the soldiers of the republic became the soldiers of the empire, but the commencement of the metamorphosis dates from this proclamation, in which Italy was shown to them not as a nation to liberate, but as a prey to seize."

An unbroken and rapid series of victories soon placed nearly the whole of Italy at the mercy of the invaders, and an organized system of plunder began. Overstepping his powers without ceremony when it suited him, acting throughout like a sovereign prince at the head of a conquering army, he replied to all remonstrances from his employers, the Directory, by announcing fresh triumphs and pouring millions upon millions into their exhausted treasury. After the conclusion of an armistice, which he was expressly forbidden to conclude, he writes:—

"If, however, you do not accept the peace with the King of Sardinia, if your project is to dethrone him, you must amuse him for some weeks, and let me know at once. I will take possession of Valence and march on Turin."

"I will impose some millions on the Duke of Parma: he will make proposals for peace: be in no hurry to close with him, so that I may have time to make him pay the expense of the campaign."

Genoa had been required to pay three millions by way of indemnity for a pretended wrong. The French Minister there was now directed by Bonaparte to exact fifteen. In a second proclamation he reminds his army that "the ashes of the conquerors of Tarquin were still trodden under foot by the assassins of Bassonville,"* and, after promising the "conquest" of Italy as the recompense of renewed exertions, he concludes with this astounding apostrophe:—"People of Italy, the army of Italy comes to break your chains; the French nation is the friend of every people: meet her half-way with confidence." The declared mission of the French nation was to deliver the Milanese, and the Milanese is thus commended by the Directors to the particular attention of the General:—

"Above all, you must not spare the Milanese; levy contributions in cash directly, and during the first terror inspired by the approach of our troops, let a strict eye be kept to the application of the proceeds."

* The French ambassador assassinated at Rome.

The next paragraph is unique in its way:—

"If Rome makes advances, the first thing to exact is that the Pope shall immediately order public prayers for the prosperity of the French arms. Some of her fine monuments, her statues, her medals, her libraries, her silver Madonnas, and even her church bells, will indemnify us for the expense that your visit will cost us."

This kind of plunder is one that is never forgotten or forgiven by the sufferers. It is a national insult as well as a national loss. It was the outrage most keenly resented when the hour of retribution came and indignant Europe rose against the French. Whether Bonaparte or the Directory instituted it, is left in doubt; but he did not wait for their instructions to extend it beyond the limits indicated by them. By the suspension of arms with the Duke of Parma he had stipulated for a sum of two millions, twelve hundred horses with their harness, twenty pictures, including the St. Jerome which the Duke vainly endeavoured to ransom by another million, and supplies of every sort for the army. By another suspension of arms, imposed on the Duke of Modena, he exacted ten millions, with twenty pictures to be chosen by commissaries. By a decree published the day after his entry into Milan, he levied on Lombardy (which he came to liberate) a contribution of twenty millions in money, besides a million in pictures and objects of art. All this was in addition to private plunder and exaction, which had been carried to so frightful an excess as (to use his own expression) "makes one blush for mankind." At the same time he wrote to the Directory, "These poor fellows are excusable. After languishing three years on the summit of the Alps, they reach the promised land: they wish to enjoy it."

The promised land! Who taught them to regard Italy in that light? What wonder if they claimed the literal fulfilment of the promise, and gave unchecked indulgence to cupidity and lust? With his tacit connivance, the generals and other leading functionaries made large fortunes—at least such of them as he desired to attach to his own; for his knowledge of their proceedings, by placing them in his power, became the best guarantee for their fidelity. At the same time he remained, personally, incorruptible. He was playing for too high a

* "Passing the Apennines with soldiers brave, but dying of hunger, his first care was to lay on the riches of Italy a discreet, honest, (probe), economical hand, to prevent their being wasted, to employ them to support his army in abundance, and to drag from misery the army of the Rhine, which was to co-operate in his plans."—(Thiers, vol. xx. 722.)

stake to care about pecuniary gains. He was already looking forward to the time when he should be able to dispose of national or imperial revenues at his pleasure. An instance of this calculated disinterestedness as regards money is related on his authority by Las Casas. During the negotiations with the Duke of Modena, Salicetti came to him in his cabinet, to say that the Com-mandeur d'Este, brother of the Duke, was waiting without with four millions of gold in four chests. "He comes in his brother's name, to interest you to accept them, and I advise you to do so. I am from your country; I know your family affairs; the Directory and the Corps Législatif will not recompense your services. This is yours: accept it without scruple and without publicity." "I thank you," was the cold reply; "I am not going to place myself at the disposition of the Duke of Modena for such a sum"—nor (he might have added) at the disposition of Salicetti either.

A regular agent had been nominated by decree to attend upon the army and collect objects of art and science to be transported to Paris, with full authority to demand horse and carriages for their conveyance from the cities robbed of them. Objects of art and science were interpreted to mean all objects of luxury, horses amongst the rest. Bonaparte selected a hundred of the finest in Lombardy as a present to the Directors, "to replace," he said, "the ordinary horses which draw your carriages." At the suggestion of Turgut, the Minister of Marine, the General's attention was directed to the naval stores, timber, hemp, sail-cloth, &c., to be found in any of the Italian states, Roman, Neapolitan, or Tuscan:—

"Is it not fitting, he wrote, that each of these States shall provide and transport to Toulon the quantities they can produce or have already in their magazines? *Let us make Italy proud of having contributed to the éclat of our marine.* This, it seems to me, is seconding the views of the numerous patriots of these countries who enjoy the noble pride of having co-operated in the equipment and the success of the armies of the republic."

Strange epoch, when such is the confusion of ideas, that rapacity spoke the language of patriotism, and patriotism that of rapacity, mixing them up so completely that it was difficult to say which of the two sentiments was uppermost. There was another language in which Bonaparte was proficient, another mode of reconciling the victims to their fate. He came, forsooth, in the name of the heroes of classical antiquity to liberate their descendants. Thus in the procla-

mation to his soldiers, heralding an advance on Rome:—

"Let the people be without alarm. We are the friends of every people, and more particularly of the descendants of the Brutuses, the Scipios, and the great men whom we have taken for models. To restore the capitol, honourably instal in it the statues of the heroes who made themselves famous, revive the Romans benumbed by ages of slavery, such will be the fruit of our victories. They will form an epoch for posterity, you will have the undying glory of changing the face of the finest part of Europe."

The glory they certainly had in more senses than one. Their track was marked by devastation; and such alternations of government as they effected were for the worse. Again, in his instructions to the officer whom he first dispatched to Corfu. "If the inhabitants of the country are inclined to independence, flatter their taste, and do not fail, in your proclamations, to speak to them of Greece, Athens, and Rome."

Neither classical associations, nor dreams of liberty, nor the noble pride of glutting French rapacity, long sufficed to blind the Lombards to the real character of the invasion. The peasantry rose and were ruthlessly shot down or sabred. All the priests and nobles in the rebel communes were ordered to be arrested and carried as hostages to France; all the villages where the tocsin should be sounded to be burnt to the ground. An attempt, which deceived no one, was made to represent this rising as a conspiracy set on foot by the monks and encouraged by the nobility. It was the convulsive throes of the industrious, hard-working part of the population, driven to desperation by the most profligate system of exaction that ever was conceived or carried out in a civilized community. Precisely when these atrocities were at their height, when the army of Italy was burning, plundering, and murdering wholesale in a country with which they affected to fraternize, the Directors were celebrating a fête to Victory in honour of their exploits, and, as if to make the mockery complete, Carnot, the austere republican, was chosen to pronounce a discourse, in which the honour due to valour was blended with the praise of filial love, of paternal love, of sensibility, and (above all) of humanity. "O! humanity," was his apostrophe, "how delicious are thy practices, and how much to pitied is the greedy soul (*âme avide*) that knows thee not!"

It was difficult to apply the fraternizing principle to Venice, from which no popular call had come for liberators, which had cau-

tiously avoided giving the semblance of offence by observing an unarmed neutrality. But the fate reserved for the mistress of the Adriatic was the hardest and least merited of all. She was to be robbed of her independence, degraded, impoverished, and reduced to the condition of a subject province, for no imaginable reason than that it suited the French Republic and their general so to deal with her. It was the ever-recurring story of the wolf and the lamb. Venice was charged with being the ally of Austria, on the ground that the Austrians had been permitted to occupy Peschiera of which they had taken military occupation by surprise. Turning a deaf ear to the proffered explanation, Bonaparte garrisoned Peschiera which the Austrians had abandoned at his approach, and frightened the Venetian plenipotentiaries into a convention, by which French troops were to be admitted into Verona, and the French army to be supplied with provisions and munitions of war on credit, *i. e.*, without paying for them. He then wrote to the Directors:—

“If your project is to extract five or six millions from Venice, I have purposely contrived this sort of rupture. If you have more decided intentions, I believe it will be necessary to continue this subject of quarrel; let me know what you wish done, and wait for a favourable moment, which I will seize according to circumstances, for it will not do to have all the world on our hands at once. . . . The truth of the affair of Peschiera is that Beaulieu (the Austrian commander) put a disgraceful trick upon them. He demanded a passage for fifty men, and so got possession of the town.”

The shamelessness of the pretext is complacently communicated to his government, in the confident expectation, justified by the result, that it would conciliate their favour instead of provoking a reproof; and it was on the strength of a quarrel, got up in this fashion, that Venice was soon afterwards reduced to the condition of a plundered and oppressed dependency. The turn of the Pope came next, and there was no need of inventing pretexts against his Holiness, who had waged a kind of religious war against the Republic, as the arch enemy of the Faith, and left the assassination of its ambassador, Bassonville, unavenged. Such was the popular detestation of sacerdotal rule, that, on the first appearance of the French in the Legations, they were received as liberators, and Bonaparte, who aimed only at exaction for the present, took advantage of the alarm into which the Papal Government was thrown to dictate his terms. The price of a suspension of arms was settled at twenty-one millions, fifteen

in money, and the rest in supplies, a hundred pictures, five hundred manuscripts, the provisional occupation of Ancona, Bologna, and Ferrara, and (to crown all with a bit of telling republicanism) the busts of Junius and Marcus Brutus.

This suspension was only a short respite for his Holiness. A fresh succession of victories, Arcola, Rivoli, Tolentino, completed the discomfiture of one Austrian army after another, and Bonaparte was soon at leisure to revert to the Papal Government, which was driven to desperation. “We will turn the Romagna into a Vendée,” exclaimed Cardinal Busca, and bands of peasants were seen led by monks, crucifix in hand. But the electric spark was wanting: the first papal army, which the French encountered at Castel-Bologna was easily routed and took to flight: the second, at Ancona, surrendered at discretion without firing a shot. The Pope was at the mercy of the conqueror, whose policy was not to break with his Holiness outright, much less to deprive him entirely of his temporalities. Bonaparte had written not long before to Clarke, the Minister of War, that France was becoming Roman Catholic again, and that they might stand in need of the co-operation of the Pope in an easily conceivable contingency. There were other pressing reasons for not pushing matters to extremity, and, prudently refraining from entering Rome in person, he signed a treaty, by which he stipulated for the abandonment of the Legations, the Romagna and Ancona to the French, and the payment of an additional fifteen millions. He then sent an autograph letter to notify this treaty to the Pope, who was assured that the French Republic would henceforth be one of the best friends of Rome, and that nothing could exceed the esteem and veneration entertained for his sacred person by their general. At the same time he wrote to the Directory:—

“My opinion is that Rome, once deprived of Bologna, Ferrara, the Romagna, and the thirty millions we take from her, can exist no longer; this old machine will fall to pieces of itself.”

In another letter of the same date he adds:—

“The commission of *savants* has reaped a good harvest at Ravenna, Rimini, Pesaro, Ancona, Loreto, and Perugia: all will be sent to Paris without delay. Adding it to what will be sent from Rome, we shall have everything fine (*tout ce qu'il y a de beau*) in Italy, except a small number of objects which are at Turin and Naples.”

The churches in the ceded provinces were robbed of all articles of value which had been accumulated by the piety or superstition of ages. Our Lady of Loretto was stripped of ornaments in gold, silver, and jewels to the value of above a million, and the wooden image of the Virgin was transported to Paris, where it remained till the Concordat. The wonder is that the Casa Santa — the Holy House — was not carried off in pieces and set up in the Place des Victoires, where its appearance might have been announced as a repetition of the miracle, or it would have cost only an Ossianic figure to declare that the eagle of victory had brought it, as the Brobdingnag eagle carried Gulliver's wooden residence, in its beak.

Bonaparte had no sooner settled with Rome than he turned his exclusive attention to the Austrian army, commanded by the Archduke Charles, whom he pursued across the Alps without waiting for the co-operation of the army of the Rhine, till he found himself dangerously distant from his base of operations. The situation was so critical, that he at once adopted the expedient of addressing to the Archduke a letter in which he invited him to merit the title of benefactor of humanity, declaring for himself that, if the overture that he had the honour to make could save the life of a single man, he should be prouder of the civic crown than he should have merited thereby than of the melancholy glory which can result from military successes! The puzzle is why he should be constantly going out of his way to use language which could deceive no one — which was notoriously at variance with his actions, his feelings, and his thoughts. It was impossible for a commander to be more indifferent to human life or more prodigal of blood, and in answer to the excuse that he was so only by calculation and when a given object was to be obtained, M. Lanfrey recalls the curious fact of his ordering a skirmish for the amusement of his mistress. His own words to Las Casas were: —

"Riding with her one day in the middle of our positions in the environs of the hill of Tenda, whilst reconnoitring as commandant of the artillery, the notion suddenly occurred to me of treating her to the spectacle of a little war, and I ordered an attack of advanced posts. We were the conquerors, it is true, but there could evidently be no result. The attack was a pure fancy, and yet some men fell in it. Later (*plus tard*) I have bitterly reproached myself with this affair whenever it has recurred to me."

"Later" means when, on the rock of St. Helena, he was no longer able to sacrifice

hetacombs of human beings to his ambition or his caprice — when it had become a passion to compose an attractive character for posterity. His classical reminiscences must have been at fault, or he would have reflected that Flaminius was expelled the Senate by Cato for killing a noble Gaul to amuse a favourite.

The overture to the Archduke led to the preliminaries of Leoben, in which the main point to be settled was what portions of territory Austria and France should respectively retain, it being clearly understood between them that the rights of independent and neutral states were not to stand in the way of any arrangement that might suit both parties. At first the proposal went no farther than to offer Austria an indemnity out of the dependencies of Venice; but the notion of dealing with the unhappy republic as a subject of barter was speedily matured into a transaction which has no parallel in history, except the partition of Poland; and even the partition of Poland was not marked by the wanton expenditure of so much false profession or by such cynical contempt for truth. Nothing can be clearer than that Bonaparte's mind was made up on this subject before the popular commotions, excited by French treatment, gave him a pretext for an open declaration of hostilities. His language to the trembling Deputies of the Senate, who offered *carte blanche* in the way of satisfaction, ran thus: —

"I have eighty thousand men, I have gun-boats, I will have no more inquisition, no more senate, I will be an Attila to Venice. . . . I want no more alliances with you, I will have none of your projects, I will give you the firm land. . . . There is no good in deceiving me to gain time."

In their report to the Senate the Deputies are obliged to own that the details of the treaty are unknown to them — that the secret of the conditions is impenetrable: — "God grant that this mystery does not conceal the partition of the Republic." The very worst of their fears fell short of the reality. The civilized world had yet to learn the full scope of Madame Roland's dying apostrophe to Liberty, and grey-headed Italian diplomats, familiar with Machiavelli, stood aghast, when it broke upon them, at the profound corruption of the French General of twenty-eight. After concluding a treaty which, hard as were the terms, left the Republic the semblance of independence, he wrote to the Directors that his sole object in concluding it was to enter the city without difficulty and get possession of the arsenal. He then des-

patched an emissary to take possession of Corfu and all the Venetian establishments in the Levant, and the same day wrote to the municipality of Venice to invite their confidence, ending:—

"In all circumstances I will do all in my power to give you proofs of my desire to consolidate your liberty, and see unhappy Italy finally take her place with glory, free and independent of strangers, on the stage of the world, and resume amongst great nations the rank to which she is called by nature, her position, and her destiny."

The day after (May 27th) he transmitted the heads of the proposed treaty with Austria, including this: "*Pour l'Italie; 1° Venise à l'Empereur.*" As this went beyond his instructions, he proceeds to justify it:—

"Venice, which has been declining since the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, and the rise of Trieste and Ancona, can hardly survive the shock we have given her. With a population inapt, cowardly, in no wise made for liberty, without land, without waters, it seems natural that she should be left to those to whom we give the firm land. We shall take all the vessels, we shall strip the arsenal, we shall carry off all the cannon; we shall destroy the forts; we shall keep Corfu and Ancona for ourselves."

The pretext under which this wholesale robbery was carried on adds, if possible, to the infamy of the proceeding. He directs two of his generals to accompany the French Minister to the Provisional Government of Venice, and state that the conformity of principles now existing between the French Republic and the Republic of Venice requires that she shall promptly put her marine on a respectable footing to co-operate in protecting their commerce: "You will take possession of all under this pretext, having constantly in your mouths the unity of the two Republics, and always making use of the name of the Venetian Marine."

During the negotiations for peace, Bonaparte had taken up his residence at Montebello, a magnificent château near Milan, where he lived in quasi-regal state, dining in public, giving audience to ministers and deputations, disposing of provinces, and mapping out republics. Josephine had joined him and was holding drawing-rooms like a queen. A report having reached Paris that he meant to make himself king of Italy, Madame de Staël mentioned it to Augereau, who replied, "*Non assurément, c'est un jeune homme trop bien élevé pour cela.*" He meant to make himself in France what he had already made himself in Italy. "Do you suppose," he remarked to Prince Fignatelli, "that I am gaining triumphs to

make the fortunes of the advocates of the Directory, the Carnots and Barras?" But seeing (to use his own phrase) that the pear was not yet ripe, he procrastinated his appearance on the scene, and when the Directory, in anticipation of a *coup d'état*, were looking about for a general, he sent them Augereau, who did the military work required for bringing about the change of government which goes by the name of 18th Fructidor. The new Directory, in which Carnot was replaced by a nonentity, were obliged to let Bonaparte have his way in everything, and had no alternative but to confirm the treaty concluded by him at Campo Formio (17th October, 1797), although contrary to their instructions and their real wishes. On the 19th September he wrote to them:—

"I must know if your intention is to accept these propositions or not. If your ultimatum should be not to comprise the city of Venice in the Emperor's part, I doubt whether the peace will be made (*Venice, however, is the city of all Italy most worthy of liberty*) and hostilities will recommence in the course of October."

The reply of the Directory dwelt upon the imprudence of giving the Emperor Italy to the Adige and the shame of abandoning Venice. But on the 10th October Bonaparte signified his intention to adhere to his own project of peace. He had already replied to Talleyrand who advocated the views of the Directory, that he (Talleyrand) knew nothing of this "effeminate, superstitions, pantaloons, and cowardly people." The Italian nation was enervated, without courage; it has no more taste for liberty than for a military organization strong enough to compel respect. "As to what was good to put into proclamations and printed discourses, all this was but a romance." He had the superb audacity to write (October 10) to the Directors that he had thought only of the country and the Government:—

"It only remains for me to return into the crowd, to resume the ploughshare of Cincinnatus, to give the example of respect for the magistracy, and of aversion from the military regime, which has destroyed so many republics and ruined so many States."

All who shared his confidence and intimacy at the time,—Lavalette, Marmont, Biot, Bourrienne,—attest that he made the peace to have the exclusive credit of making it, and to avoid sharing the possible glories of the next campaign with the army of the Rhine. Farther delay might have brought him into difficulties with the Directors; so at the next interview with the Aus-

trian Plenipotentiary, the Count de Cobenzel, who was procrastinating, he rose suddenly in the midst of the Conference, took from a stand a porcelain tray, the gift of the Empress Catherine to the Count, and dashed it to pieces on the floor, exclaiming, "It is thus that in less than a month I shall have shattered your monarchy." He declared the truce at an end, and with a bow to the negotiators left the room.

In the course of the next day (October, 17, 1797) the Articles were drawn up and signed; by ten o'clock in the evening all the signatures were affixed; and at midnight Monge and Berthier started to carry the Treaty to the Directors. During the whole day Bonaparte was in one of his happiest moods. A part of the evening is said to have been passed by him in imagining humorous scenes and telling ghost stories. Twelve hours afterwards a courier arrived from the Directory peremptorily prohibiting the main article—the cession of Italy (including Venice) to the Adige—and intimating an intention to name negotiators to "relieve him of political duties and leave him wholly to his military dispositions." The peace was hailed by an explosion of joy in Paris, and the Directors, far from venturing to repudiate or reprove, were compelled to ratify and congratulate.

Bonaparte arrived in Paris on the 5th December at his small hotel in the Rue de la Chantereine, which on this occasion was rebaptized Rue de la Victoire by the municipality. His manners and movements were adroitly regulated so as to stimulate the universal curiosity and interest he inspired. He was rarely seen in public and never otherwise than reserved and self-possessed. The time was not arrived when he could afford to throw off the mask and indulge his natural humour:—

"For well had Conrad learn'd to curb the crowd,
By arts that veil, and oft preserve, the proud;
His was the lofty port, the distant mien
That seems to shun the sight—and awes if seen."

* The Directory had no alternative but to give him a magnificent reception. An altar *de la Patrie* was erected in the court of the Luxembourg, loaded with trophies, surmounted with allegorical statues, the walls draped with banners, and a vast amphitheatre constructed all around. Here the Directors, the officials, and the diplomatic corps in full dress, received the guest. An immense crowd filled the court and the neighbouring streets, and his appearance was the signal for deafening and frequently

renewed acclamations. Talleyrand spoke first, and speedily transgressed the line which separates the sublime from the ridiculous. After exalting the military exploits and capacity of the young hero to the skies, the orator painted the victor of Lodi and Arcola as a stoic detached from all worldly grandeur, having no taste except for simplicity, obscurity, the abstract sciences, and "that sublime Ossian which seemed to detach him from the earth." Not only was there no reason to dread his ambition, but "there might come a day perhaps when it would be necessary to tear him from the leisure of his studious retreat." The reply was more in Cromwell's manner than in that which subsequently became habitual to Bonaparte. It was studiously obscure and confined to generalities, one of which, however, was eminently suggestive: "When the happiness of the French people shall be based upon better organic laws, all Europe will become free." Barras, who followed, compared him to Socrates, Cæsar, and Pompey in succession.—lavished the basest adulation on the framer of the peace which he (Barras) had privately denounced as infamous, and then, pointing to England as the next country to be conquered and liberated like Venice, exclaimed:—

"Go, go and enchain this gigantic pirate which weighs upon the seas, go and punish in London outrages too long unpunished. Numerous adorers of liberty await you there: you are the liberator to whom humanity by her plaintive cries appeals."

Thereupon the orator administered the *accolade* or official embrace, and the artists of the Conservatoire executed a hymn composed by Chenier and Mëbul. The *fete* was even more ridiculous on the whole than that offered to the Goddess of Reason; and it is wonderful that such men could meet to interchange such puerilities without, like the Roman augurs, laughing in each others' faces.

During a brief interval the Directory and Bonaparte remained equally watchful and distrustful. It was their object to get him out of Paris, to occupy him, no matter in what quarter of the world, with dreams of conquest; and when he declined to attempt the invasion of England with the inadequate means at his disposal, they were only too happy to offer him *carte blanche* for the expedition to Egypt, an original and pet conception of his own. The idea of carrying the élite of the French army to a distant country, where its communications were almost certain to be cut off, at a moment when all Europe was hostile, if not actually

in arms against France, is justly regarded by M. Lanfrey as little less wild than that of carrying the Grand Army to Moscow in 1812; and the parallel will be strengthened by an examination of the results, although the minor disaster was permitted to pass without immediate condemnation through circumstances and owing to the comparative smallness of the scale. What Bonaparte aimed at was glory of the most dazzling sort, glory by which the popular imagination could be caught. "In this point of view" (to use his own words) "your little Europe is but a mole-hill, and could not supply glory enough; I will go and demand it of the East, of that land of wonders which alone has seen great empires and great revolutions, and is inhabited by six hundred millions of men." "Nothing," he would say to his intimates, "is remembered in Paris: If I remain long without doing anything I am lost. When they have seen me three times at the theatre, they will not turn to look at me again." He also calculated on the incapacity of the generals he left behind. "That he might become master of France, it was necessary that the Directory should meet with reverses in his absence, and that his return should bring back victory to our standards."

The money required for the expedition was procured by the plunder of Rome and Switzerland, with whom quarrels were opportunely got up. At Berne alone, Brune, who acted under the especial direction of Bonaparte, seized more than sixteen millions in money or bullion, seven millions in arms or munitions, eighteen millions in forced supplies of provisions. When all was ready, Bonaparte hesitated, struck either by the imminent risks he was about to run or tempted to make use of his opportunities and upset the Directory at once. Suspecting something of the sort, they ordered his departure, on which he took fire and tendered his resignation. Rewbell coolly held out a pen: "Give it us in writing, General; the Republic has still children left who will not abandon her." He took the pen, but allowed Merlin to take it from him, and spoke no more of resigning. At Toulon he issued a proclamation to his army, reminding them of what they had done and won in Italy, and ending, "I promise every soldier that, on his return from this expedition, he shall have at his disposal enough to buy six acres of land." This was speaking to the point; he knew his men; he knew to what he had brought them; that the old cries of glory and liberty had lost their force.

"Antiquity (says M. Thiers) has bequeathed to the admiration of the world the passage of

the Pyrenees and the Alps by Annibal, and it is certain that they have done nothing more grand, perhaps nothing so grand. The crossing of Saint Bernard, the transport of the army of Egypt through the English fleets, the preparations for the Expedition of Boulogne, finally the passage of the Danube at Wagram, are great operations which posterity will not admire less."

There is little to admire in the abortive preparations at Boulogne, and the transport of the army of Egypt was simply remarkable for audacity. Nelson overshot the French squadron during the night before Crete, and preceded it by a few hours at Alexandria, whence he set sail in search of it towards Syria. "Marvellous good luck, that fortune often withholds from the best combined plans, which was then lavished with a boundless liberality, as if the better to hide the snare to which her favours were subsequently to lure." As usual, Bonaparte tried to enlist the people on his side by promising to relieve them from their oppressors, the Mamelukes; and, to deceive them the more easily, he did not hesitate to proclaim himself and army apostates from Christianity:—

"We, too, are true Mussulmans. Are we not the men who have destroyed the Pope, who said that it was necessary to wage war with Mussulmans? Are we not the men who have destroyed the knights of Malta, because these insensates believed that God willed them to wage war with Mussulmans? Thrice happy those who shall be with us! They will prosper in their fortune and their rank. Happy those who shall be neuter: they will have time to get acquainted with us, and will end by siding with us. But woe, three times woe, to those who shall take arms for the Mamelukes and fight us. There will be no hope for them: they will perish."

This resembles De Bracy's argument in Front de Bœuf's castle, when the monk asks whether he is safe and in Christian keeping. "Safe thou art; and, for Christianity, here is the stout Baron Reginald de Bœuf, whose utter abomination is a Jew; and the good Knight Templar, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose trade is to slay Saracens. If these are not good marks of Christianity, I know no other that they bear about them." These proclamations were utter failures. They were met by laughter or contempt; and Sir Sydney Smith was much more successful when he called on the Turks to trust to the word of a Christian knight rather than to that of a renegade without faith or honour.

The Mamelukes sustained a murderous defeat at the battle of the Pyramids. They lost two thousand men, of whom a large proportion were pushed into the Nile and

drowned. They carried all their wealth about them, and M. Lanfrey says that there was hardly one of them on whom was found less than five or six hundred louis in gold — an obvious exaggeration, looking solely to the weight. But their spoils were rich enough to be worth securing, and the French soldiers set to work ingeniously enough to recover the drowned bodies, by bending their bayonets, tying them to a line, and so making use of them as hooks. It is stated in the *Memoirs* that the soldiers passed several days in fishing for Mamelukes, and that "from that time forth they began to get reconciled to Egypt." If we accept M. Lanfrey's valuation, any one of them who had the luck to land a Mameluke might consider the promise of six acres on his return as practically fulfilled.

The destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir, falsely and ungenerously attributed to Brueys, whilst exercising a marked depression on the army, was accepted by the General as a possible favour of destiny under the guise of a blow. "If the English," he wrote to Kleber, "relieve this squadron by another, they will haply oblige us to do greater things than we intended." Wild as it may be thought, his dream was to emulate or surpass Alexander the Great. Again and again in after life did he repeat that, "if Acre had fallen, he should have changed the face of the world, he should have been Emperor of all the East" — that "a grain of sand had upset all his projects." But what sort of projects are those that a grain of sand can upset? When the turn of events was in his favour, he assumed all the credit of combination and contrivance. Whenever anything went wrong, it was all owing to the stupidity of others, or ill luck. Not a single obstacle to his projects, or supposed projects, in Egypt occurred from one end of the expedition to the other, that might not have been foreseen from the commencement. He had miscalculated the resources of the country, the feelings of the population, the nature of the resistance to be overcome. To talk of Acre as a grain of sand was preposterous. The siege lasted sixty days, in the course of which there were fourteen assaults, and twenty-six sorties. The French lost more than four thousand men, including several of their best officers, and other Acres were in store for them before they could approximate to the goal which a heated brain, rather than strategic genius or well-conceived policy, had marked out. This most mendacious of heroes was never more splendidly mendacious than in covering his retreat on this occasion, so far as words

could cover it. In his bulletins, his letters, his formal reports, his proclamations to the army, which was retracing its steps with diminished numbers and long trains of sick and wounded, he declared that he "had razed the palace of Djezzar to the ground, ruined the fortifications, burnt the town, in which no stone on stone remained." The advanced guard was ordered to leave Turkish standards in the villages as tokens of victory; the simultaneous orders to the rearguard under Kleber being to burn, kill, destroy, pillage — to leave nothing behind them but a desert: —

"And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
In this forced flight, is murd'ring as he goes."

The want of transport for the sick and wounded was such that he dismounted all his cavalry except the rearguard, and set example to his officers of giving up all his own horses. The groom who came to ask him what horse he reserved for himself, provoked a smart stroke from his riding-whip: "Everybody on foot! Have you not heard the order?" *

On his return to Alexandria he found a Turkish army intrenched at Aboukir. This he attacked and routed, and directly afterwards received through Sir Sydney Smith an intercepted packet of newspapers addressed to him. Not a single despatch from the Directory had reached him for ten months, and only one private letter, a letter from his brother Joseph pressing his return. "He passed the night in devouring the *Gazettes*. He there read the sad history of our reverses — Italy lost, France threatened; but what he there saw, above all, was the Directory discredited and tottering, at daggers drawn with an assembly which was taking revenge for past humiliations. Since the receipt of Joseph's letter he had nourished the project of leaving Egypt: the battle of Aboukir allowed him to act upon it, for he could depart after such a success!" This explains the singular expression which had struck Murat before the battle: "Here is about to be decided the fate of the world." So far as the fate of the world was involved in his career, it had been decided a great many times already, and remained to be decided a great many more — as when he again narrowly escaped the English cruisers.

He carried with him the *élite* of the surviving officers — Lannes, Murat, Berthier, Marmont, Andréossy, Duroc, Bessieres,

* Segur draws a striking picture of Napoleon on the Retreat from Russia, walking, leaning on his cane, in the midst of his hurried and disordered troops.

Lavalette — to say nothing of the *savants* whom he meant to turn to good account, Monge, Berthollet, Denon, &c. He left the command to Kleber, who had all along disapproved the expedition, and being in no humour to adopt the responsibility when all hope of deriving honour from it was at an end, instantly addressed a Letter to the Directory, in which its Quixotic character was thoroughly laid bare. This letter was intercepted by the English, and only reached France to be delivered to the First Consul. "Fortune, which had transformed the accused into the judge, had thenceforth prepared their respective rewards for each of them: for one the dagger of a fanatic; for the other the first throne of the world!"

When we find that almost everything had fallen out during his absence as he had wished and anticipated, that his successor in the Italian command had shown accumulated proofs of incapacity, that the decline of national glory had served to enhance his, that the state of parties and public opinion had ripened to the precise point indicated by him as essential to his plans — we cannot set down all to fortune, we must allow something for the instincts of coming greatness, for intuitive insight into men and events, for political as well as military *coup d'œil*, for the faculty of reading signs in the social and moral atmosphere which was possessed in so eminent a degree by Talleyrand.

It was currently believed that the Egyptian expedition had been set on foot by the Directors, out of jealousy or fear, to get rid of Bonaparte, who consequently escaped any blame that may have been incurred by its imprudence, whilst everything dazzling about it — everything calculated to excite popular admiration — was monopolized for him by the crowd. At Frejus, where he landed, he was received with acclamations, and on the evening which he passed at Lyons a piece, entitled "*Le Retour du Héros*," was improvised for the occasion. At Paris he had only to choose his party, or rather his instruments; and, after due deliberation, he resolved on making Sieyès (then first Director) his stepping-stone, although holding this celebrated constitution-monger in the most sovereign contempt as an idealist and a pedant. The dislike was reciprocal. It could not well fail to be so, for their aims were similar whilst their characters were diametrically opposed, and neither felt disposed to concede the first place. At a dinner where they met, Bonaparte, not having taken the slightest notice of Sieyès, and affecting to be ignorant of his presence, Sieyès angrily murmured to a

friend: "Do you see the behaviour of this insolent little fellow towards the member of an authority which ought to have had him shot." As M. Lanfrey observes, the difficulty was not to surmount their common repugnance but to conciliate their ambition.

The Executive Government consisted of five Directors, Sieyès, Roger Ducos, Barras, Gohier, and De Moulins. Ducos was a creature of Sieyès, who also commanded a majority in the Conseil des Anciens. The plan was to remove the legislative bodies (les Anciens and the Cinq-Cents) to St. Cloud, where, secure from popular control, the Anciens were to issue a decree naming Bonaparte Commandant of all the military forces of Paris, including the National Guards, and supersede the Directors by a Provisional Consulate, composed of Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Ducos. Bonaparte found no difficulty in securing the adhesion of all the military men of mark, including Moreau, who preferred being a blind instrument and refused to listen to the plan, saying that he, too, was tired of the yoke of the advocates. To him was consequently assigned the most compromising part of all, the forcible occupation of the Luxembourg, i. e., an act that, happen what might, could be construed into nothing less than open revolt against the Constitution. His criminal and weak connivance weighed on him during the whole remainder of his life.

For a time all went smoothly enough, but the Cinq-Cents proved unmanageable, the Anciens wavered, and the affair assumed so awkward an appearance for the First Consul in embryo, that Augereau addressed him with bitter irony, *Te voilà dans une jolie position*. He cut a bad figure before the Anciens, where, though the majority was favourable to him and bullying language miserably misplaced, he broke forth in this fashion, "If an orator, paid by the foreigner, were to speak of outlawing me, let him beware lest such a judgment be turned against him. If he were to speak of outlawing me, I should appeal to you, my brave companions in arms, to you grenadiers, to you, soldiers, whose caps and bayonets I have in view. Remember that I march accompanied by the god of fortune and the god of war." Nothing more to the purpose could be extracted from him, and the moral drawn by M. Lanfrey is that he had really had nothing to urge in justification of the movement that would hold water. He had no public object in view; he meant to raise himself on the bayonets of his grenadiers, and he blurted out the truth.

The most trying scene was at the Cinq-Cents, which he entered with a guard. In

a moment, the whole assembly were on their feet storming with indignation:—

"What is the meaning of this? Sabres in this place! Armed men! The boldest of the deputies rush from their seats, they surround Bonaparte, they push him back, they load him with invectives. 'Out with him.' 'Outlaw the dictator.' 'What are you doing, rash man? You are violating the sanctuary of the laws,' exclaimed Bigonnet. And Destrem, walking up to him, 'Is it for this that thou hast conquered?' Others seize him by the collar and shake him violently, whilst reproaching him with his treason. Having come to intimidate, the general turns pale, he falls fainting into the arms of his grenadiers, who carry him out of the hall."

Napoleon stated that daggers had been raised against him, and a grenadier was rewarded with a diamond ring and a kiss by Josephine for receiving in his sleeve the stab intended for the heart of her lord, but no one of the numerous eye witnesses could be found to verify the statement.*

All now depended on Lucien, the President of the Cinq-Cents, who was fortunately equal to the occasion when Napoleon was not. After a fruitless attempt to oppose a decree of outlawry against his brother, he refused to put it to the vote, and deposited upon the tribune the ensigns of his authority, during the reiterated cry of *hors la loi*, that terrible cry that struck down Robespierre. It was heard outside by the group, in which stood Bonaparte, and they turned pale. Sieyès, who alone had preserved an imperturbable sangfroid through the critical turns of this day, coolly remarked: "Since they are putting you out of the law, it is they who are within it;" about as comforting a speech as Augereau's. Napoleon sent a party of grenadiers to bring off Lucien, and was about to clear the hall by force, when the soldiers, who had served as guard to the Assembly, hesitated, till Lucien, known to them as President, got on horseback, and made them an harangue, in which he pictured the Cinq-Cents overborne by representatives with daggers, by brigands in English pay, and only waiting to be delivered from "this minority of assassins." Then, taking a sword and turning it against his brother: "As for me, I swear to pierce the heart of my own brother, if he ever infringes the liberty of Frenchmen." This rhodomontade succeeded; they raised a cry

of *Vive Bonaparte*, and a party of them, led by Murat, entered the hall with drums beating, cleared it, and closed the doors. In the course of the evening, Lucien re-assembled about thirty members of the *Cinq-Cents*, and passed in their name the decrees required for establishing the Consulate, and giving formal effect to this *coup d'état*, which led by easy and obvious gradations to the First Empire, much as the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, led to the Second. All enterprises of this kind are essentially alike. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* Bonaparte's foot was now on the first step of the range by which he was to ascend the throne. The member of the family (Lucien) who placed it there, was the one who derived least advantage from their rise; as he was also the one who persevered in maintaining a certain self-respect and independence of spirit till the last.

The founder of the dynasty has been accused of wanting personal courage, as well as presence of mind, on this day; and he undeniably shrank from clamour and violence as he would not have shrunk before a column or a battery. That he invariably displayed the very highest order of bravery in action, is beyond dispute. But what is commonly understood by personal courage depends much on habit and does not necessarily imply moral or civil courage. It may be proof against powder or steel, without being proof against a blow. That "chastity of honour which feels a stain like a wound" is found in men who have no other quality of chivalry. Thus, it is no imputation on the proved bravery of James II. that, when rudely pulled and pushed about by the fishermen of Sheppey, his behaviour gave signs of pusillanimity. It is no reflection on Bonaparte that, when hustled and shaken by the collar in the Cinq-Cents, his nerves proved unequal to the emergency; that he quailed more from elevated self-esteem than fear.*

* Immediately before leaving Fontainebleau for Elba, he gave strong expression to his fear of personal violence on the way: "Let the Bourbons have me assassinated, I forgive them; but I shall perhaps be abandoned to the outrages of this abominable population of the South. To die on the field of battle is nothing, but in the mud and by such hands!" His fears were justified by the result, for he ran great risk of being torn to pieces. Sir Neil Campbell, the English Commissioner, who accompanied him, says: "Upon every occasion he evinced, by the finesse to which he had recourse, much anxiety to save his life whenever he considered it in danger." After leaving Orange, "he quitted his carriage, mounted one of the horses, and dressed in a plain great-coat, wearing too a Russian cloak and a common round hat with a white cockade, rode on in advance of the carriages, accompanied only by a courier." During the remainder of the journey he changed caps and coats with the Commissioners,

* "Thomas Thome, grenadier of the Corps Législatif, who had his sleeve torn in warding off the stab of a dagger aimed at Bonaparte, has dined the 20th, and breakfasted the 21st, with the General. *La Citoyenne Bonaparte a embrassé Thomas Thome, and placed a diamond, worth two thousand crowns, on his finger.*" — ("Moniteur," 23rd Brumaire.)

In the Constitution drawn up by Sieyès, the post of Grand-Elector, intended for Bonaparte, was contemptuously suppressed and received its death-blow from a *mot*: "How could you imagine," said he, addressing the mortified legislator, "that a man of some talent and a little honour would consent to play the part of a pig put up to fatten on so many millions?"* He meant from the first to take the lion's share, and he took it. The Constitution as remodelled under his instructions, practically concentrated the whole power, civil and military, legislative and executive, in the first Consul, i.e. himself.

When an exile he regretted that he had not been more moderate, and M. Thiers remarks that "restricted in the employment of his faculties, he would undoubtedly not have accomplished such great things, but neither would he have attempted such extravagant ones, and probably his sceptre and his sword would have remained to his death in his glorious hands." The probability is that he would not have held the sceptre, and would have been materially restricted in the use of the sword. M. Thiers has elsewhere said of him:

"Always and in all things he went straight, and without turning, to the point. Was it an affair of reasoning, he found the peremptory argument on the instant; was it a battle, he hit upon the decisive manœuvre. In him, to conceive, will, execute, were a single indivisible act, of an incredible rapidity, so that between the action and the thought, there was not an instant lost for reflection or resolve. To oppose to a genius thus constituted a moderate objection, a resistance of lukewarmness, of feebleness, or of ill will, was to make him spring like a torrent which boils up and covers you with its foam, if you oppose to it an unexpected obstacle."

How could a genius thus constituted have been subjected to constitutional restraints, without neutralizing its energies? He would have resembled Gulliver tied down by a multiplicity of threads. Cramp your great man, and he ceases to be great. Break up your Hannibal, and he is no longer Hannibal. A hero can no more be two people,

and assumed alternately the names of Colonel Campbell and Lord Burghersh. — *Napoleon at Fontenoy, Elba, &c.* By the late Major-General Sir Neil Campbell, C.B., British Commissioner, &c., &c., with a Memoir, &c., by his nephew, Archibald Neil Campbell MacLachlan, M.A., &c., 1859. M. Thiers says, "that the Commissioners obliged him to put on a foreign uniform that he might pass for one of the officers of the retinue."

* "D'un cochon à l'engrais de quelques millions." This *mot* has been omitted and paraphrased by M. Thiers, though recorded, as dictated at St. Helena, by both Gourgaud and Las Casas. Lord Russell mentions three other remarkable instances in which the same animal has supplied the metaphor.

than he can be in two places at once. Alexander, Cæsar, Peter, Frederic, Napoleon, — not one of these would have attained the same giddy height without being absolute. Napoleon could not even have undertaken the campaign of Marengo, had he abided by the principles of the new Constitution, which forbade the First Consul to command an army in the field. But no provision forbade his being present. Whilst, therefore, he in point of fact commanded the army, his Chief of the Staff, Berthier, held the title of General-in-Chief.

It so happens that all his prominent merits and defects as a commander are placed in broad relief by this campaign; which also teems with proofs that his successes and victories, in the earlier stages of his career, were quite as much owing to fortune or accident as his subsequent failures and defeats. The conception was bold but hazardous. The notion of (what M. Thiers calls) enveloping the Austrians with an inferior force, was like that of the Irishman who, single-handed, took four prisoners by surrounding them; and it is preposterous to call the passage of the Alps a prodigy greater than that of Hannibal, whose elephants were as difficult to get over as artillery, who was operating in an unknown country, cut off from all communication with his own, and with none of the appliances of modern warfare at his disposal. The little fort of Bard might have proved another grain of sand, like Acre, had it been held by another Sir Sydney Smith.

Bonaparte has been described, shortly before his departure, stretched at full length upon his maps and suddenly exclaiming to his astonished secretary, "That poor M. de Melas will pass by Turin, will turn back towards Alexandria . . . I shall cross the Po, I shall overtake him in the road to Piacenza, in the plains of the Scrivia, and I shall beat him there, there," placing one of his coloured pins on San Giulano. "We shall presently (adds M. Thiers) appreciate how extraordinary this kind of vision of the future was." Extraordinary, indeed, for no one decisive event came to pass as intended or designed. On the 13th June, when the Austrian army under Melas (about 40,000 strong) was concentrated in Alexandria and resolved on risking a battle on the 14th, Bonaparte believed that they were on their retreat towards Genoa, and despatched Desaix to intercept them at Novi. Leaving another portion of his army at Marengo under Lannes, he was on his way to his quarters-general at Voghera, when he was stopped by the overflow of a river, and compelled

to pass the night at Torre-di-Garofolo. But for this accidental circumstance he could not have reached the scene of action till too late. At break of day the Austrian attack began, and although the French, partially protected by a deep rivulet in their front, offered a stubborn resistance, they were falling back in confusion, when their general, "blessing the opportune overflow of the Scrivia," came upon the ground. It was then ten o'clock. With the Consular Guard that he brought with him, and by a series of admirable dispositions, he temporarily restored the battle; but the advantage of numbers was too much for him and defeat seemed again inevitable, when (about three in the afternoon) he was rejoined by Desaix, who, finding no traces of the Austrians towards Novi and hearing the sustained cannonade at Marengo, had hurried back on his own personal responsibility. He brought with him 6000 fresh troops, and his first words are reported to have been, "The battle is lost; but there is time to win another." He fell leading the first charge, and the onward course of his division was arrested by a column of Austrian grenadiers, who were carrying all before them like the English brigade at Fontenoy, when they were charged in flank by the heavy dragoons of Kellermann, broken and cut down. The credit of this charge, which decided the day, was always claimed by Kellerman as an inspiration of his own. He was wont to account by it for subsequent neglect, saying that it was too great a service to be recognized. Thiers says the charge was ordered at the suggestion of Desaix; and, as Desaix was dead, there could be no risk in assigning to him any amount of glory not incompatible with the glory of the chief:—

"Happy inspiration of a lieutenant (exclaims M. Thiers), as intelligent as devoted! Happy fortune of youth! If, fifteen years later, the First Consul, now so well seconded by his generals, had found a Desaix on the battle-field of Waterloo, he would have preserved the empire and France its ruling position amongst the powers of Europe."

Give the sentence a turn. If the First Consul had not found both a Desaix and a Kellerman on the battlefield of Marengo, he would never have founded an empire to be preserved, and France might have obtained long ago the position, for which she is still struggling, of a free as well as great nation.*

* Bonaparte did all in his power to mystify the battle of Marengo. After writing three varying and false accounts, he caused all the original documents to be destroyed.

The amount of sacrifice and suffering imposed on others in order to obtain this victory is not the least remarkable or characteristic circumstance connected with it. When the operations commenced, Massena, with the army of Liguria (15,000 strong), was blockaded in Genoa. Though reduced to the verge of starvation, he held out in hope of being relieved by the First Consul, and by so doing prevented the besieging force from uniting with the army of Melas. A change of plan would have enabled Bonaparte to raise the siege, "but (says M. Thiers) it was decided that the noble and unhappy army of Liguria should pay to the end with its blood, with its sufferings, and finally by a painful surrender, the triumph of the army of reserve."

Moreau, who commanded the army of the Rhine, had submitted his proposed plan of operations to the First Consul, whose assent was extorted by a threat of resignation. Moreau's military reputation was then hardly inferior to his own, and he did not hesitate to flatter the rival he could not yet venture to destroy. In a letter, carried by Moreau's chief of the Staff, he writes:—

"This officer will tell you that no one is more interested in your personal glory and happiness. I am now a kind of mannequin who has lost his liberty and happiness. Grandeur is a fine thing, but in memory and in imagination I envy your happiness: you are about to perform fine actions with brave men. I would willingly exchange my Consular purple for the epaulettes of a chief of brigade under your orders."

At the same time he delayed the army of the Rhine by diverting the supplies required for it to the use of his own, the army of reserve; and stipulated that this army should, in a given emergency, be strengthened by a large detachment (20,000 men) of Moreau's. Moreau's campaign was eminently successful; he was in a career of victory which would speedily have placed the Austrian capital, if not the Austrian monarchy, at his mercy, when the detachment was demanded. His movements were paralyzed that Bonaparte might enter with full effect upon the scene, might strike the grand blow and reap the honour, "leaving to Massena the hardly enviable merit of an honourable but unsuccessful defence, to Moreau that of an abnegation for which no one gave him credit":—

"He was about to secure the price of their long labours, and he proposed to give such an éclat to the final surprise that the world should see only him in this success prepared by them. Habituated to refer everything to himself, it seemed to him quite natural to sacrifice his companions in arms to his own fortune or solely to

the desire of producing a greater effect on men's imaginations."

The dazzling success of this campaign made him all-powerful. He usurped supreme authority in all things, in all branches of the administration, in all departments of the State, and within a wonderfully short space of time he had trampled upon or crushed out every form of liberty, — the liberty of the tribune, the liberty of the press, the liberty of the salon, dearer perhaps than any other liberty to the French. Intoxicated to giddiness by the height and suddenness of his elevation, he began to dream of universal empire, at least of empire like that of ancient Rome or Charlemagne; and his unrivalled military genius, with the vast resources of a great military people at his unchecked disposal, speedily enabled him to subject the greater part of Europe to his will.

"Un conquérant, dans sa fortune altière,
Se fit un jeu des sceptres et des loix,
Et de ses pieds on peut voir la poussière
Eupreinte encor sur le bandeau des rois."

From the admirable character of Alexander the Great drawn by Mr. Grote, it may be collected that the dominant motive, the life-long end and aim of "Macedonia's madman," was the love or lust of glory, the passionate wish to be recorded in song and history as the greatest warrior and conqueror the world e'er knew. He cared little or nothing for civilization or colonization, for diffusing the arts of Greece, for Hellenizing Asia, or for leaving lasting and beneficent marks of his progress as he passed.* Bonaparte's ambition was of a more material and less romantic order. What he aimed at was power, dominion, sovereignty, absolutism; to dictate to kings and communities, to annihilate national independence and self-government, to be able to imitate Rienzi when (as described by Gibbon), brandishing his sword to the three parts of the world, he thrice repeated, "And this too is mine!" Bonaparte's peculiar fancy was not to proclaim himself the autocrat of the many realms obedient to his rule, but to be nominally the head of a federation of rulers. In one of Gilray's caricatures he was drawn as a baker drawing a fresh batch of gingerbread kings and queens out of an oven; in another, as a showman pulling the wires of the crowned figures who were dancing and attitudinizing before him. Each hit told. The kings and princes of his creation were fragile as gingerbread and movable as puppets. They would not have

served his purpose had they been otherwise. That the notion of durability never entered his thoughts, is clear from the manner in which he threw down and shifted his puppets, or made them change places, at the first variation of policy or suggestion of caprice; as when he transferred Joseph from Naples to Spain, to be replaced in Naples by Murat; or when he erected a kingdom of Etruria, only to be suppressed; or made Louis King of Holland, as if for the fraternal gratification of dethroning him. Louis remonstrated in vain against the unwelcome dignity thrust upon him. It was (he wrote) equally disagreeable to "this (the Dutch) free and estimable nation and himself." Napoleon cut the matter short in a despatch to Talleyrand:—

"I have seen M. Verhuell this evening. In two words, I have reduced the question to this, Holland is without an Executive and must have one. I will give her Prince Louis. Instead of the Grand Pensionary, there will be a King. . . . Before twenty days Prince Louis must make his entry into Amsterdam."

Louis made his exit after an unsatisfactory trial, because he was too conscientious and tender-hearted for the place. He was foolish enough to suppose — M. Thiers thinks it very foolish — that kings have duties as well as rights.

Perhaps the most nefarious of all Bonaparte's schemes of personal and family aggrandizement was that by which he entrapped the Spanish Bourbons, and laid violent hands on their persons and their throne. It comprises every variety of moral turpitude — treachery, falsehood, inhumanity, injustice — and the sole attempt at palliation turns out to be an impudent forgery, deliberately concocted by the perpetrator.* In Spain, he faithfully carried out each one of the maxims of kingcraft which he was fond of quoting from Corneille:—

"Le choix des actions ou mauvaises ou bonnes,
Ne fait qu'aneantir la force des couronnes,
Le droit des rois consiste a ne rien epargner,
La tenue d'equite detruit l'art de regner,
Quand on craint d'etre injuste on a toujours
a craindre,
Et qui oisait tout pouvoir doit oser tout enfreindre;
Fuir, comme un deshonneur, la vertu qui le perd,
Et voler sans scrupule au crime qui le sert."

Directly after the *guel-a-pens* of Bayonne, when the victims were safe in the toils, he wrote (May 10th) to Joseph:—

* The letter to Murat, of March 29. The forgery is conclusively brought home to Bonaparte by M. Lanfrey (vol. iv. chap. vii).

* "History of Greece," vol. xii. p. 346, seq.

"It is to you I destine this crown. At Madrid, you are in France. Naples is the end of the world. I desire that immediately after the receipt of this letter, you leave the regency to M. de Talleyrand, the command of the troops to M. de Caulaincourt, and that you start for Bayonne. . . . You will receive this letter on the 19th, you will start on the 20th, and you will be here on the 1st of June."

Joseph very much preferred "the end of the world;" but there was nothing for it but to obey, and he resigned himself to the painful pageant prepared for him. Within six weeks after his translation he is writing to complain that Spain has risen against him to a man. "I have a nation of brave men, exasperated to the last point, for my enemies. My assassination is publicly spoken of." . . . Then in answer to some vague assertion of Napoleon, "No, Sire, the honest men are no more for me than the rogues. You are mistaken: your glory will crumble away in Spain." And there it did crumble away. There it was that his troops, confronted with British troops, lost the character and consciousness of being invincible. There he first came in contact with the genuine spirit of nationality, and found in it something elastic, irrepressible, unextinguishable; something which like Milton's angels —

"Vital in every part,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die."

The correspondence contains letters to each of the puppet kings, ordering them not to spare their subjects: *e. g.*

"To Jerome Napoleon, King of Westphalia,
Paris, 4th January, 1808.

"If you begin by throwing these expenses on your treasury, you will ruin it. What will you do when the Grand Army passes through your territories? It has been quartered a year in Bavaria: it has not cost the King a sou: the inhabitants have supported it: *it is true, they have been a little pinched*, but if the King had been obliged to pay, he would not have been able to support it a fortnight."

The dread of being dragged in triumph, of undergoing a personal humiliation if they resisted, is said to have so paralyzed the kings of the ancient world that, at the bare approach of a Roman army, they trembled and hastened to make terms. Napoleon's treatment inspired similar terrors and produced similar effects. If modern manners saved the wives and daughters of captive or conquered princes from actual outrage, the force he put upon their feelings, habits, and affections was cruel and ungenerous in the extreme. He was in all his tastes and instincts, in his inmost soul and to the very

tips of his fingers, a *parvenu*. He coveted and envied birth and high connexions for their own sakes, as a *nouveau-riche* might covet and envy them; and with all his inordinate self-esteem he had not true pride enough to feel on an equality with princes unless he could be on terms of familiarity and intermarry with them. His first approaches were made to the petty princes of Germany, whose alliance could not augment his power and could only flatter a low vanity. He demanded the Princess Augusta of Bavaria, who was engaged to the eldest son of the Elector of Baden, for Eugene, and the daughter of the Elector of Wurtemberg for Jerome. His first proposals were indignantly declined. But after Austerlitz, the parts are changed: what Napoleon solicited, he now exacts. He speaks no longer as an ally, but as a master: —

"The Princess Augusta, torn from her betrothed, is married to a man who was no more consulted than herself, and who knew nothing of her but her portrait on a china cup: this betrothed himself will be forcibly united to the Princess Stephanie de Beauharnais: to crown all, Jerome, married at Baltimore to a lady honourable and distinguished, though without titles of nobility, who has already born him a child, will be unmarried and remarried at a blow."

We suspect that no disagreeable force was put upon the inclinations of Jerome, a low profligate, to whom Napoleon, whose habitual name for him was *petit polisson*, once said: "Jerome, they say the majesty of kings is stamped on the brow; *you* may travel incognito till doomsday without being recognized."

His own second marriage was an exaggerated mistake of the same order. It did not prevent Austria from joining the coalition. The proud House of Hapsburgh always writhed under it as a *mésalliance*, and spoke of him, when they dared, much as George Dandin was spoken of by the family into which he had thrust himself from the least excusable of all vanities. Bonaparte's autograph letters to sovereigns who would none of him — as to George III. and the Emperor of Austria, in 1799 — was a foolish affectation of unattainable equality; for, be it remembered, these letters were not written in his representative capacity in the name of a great nation, as Cromwell would have written, but as brother to brother or friend to friend.

It is painful to think it or say it, but the truth, like murder, will out: Bonaparte was never, in the English sense of the word, a gentleman. He was wanting in the delicacy,

generosity and refinement, in the self-control, self-respect and consideration for the feelings of others, implied in this complex and never translated — we believe untranslatable — term. He would never, like Louis Quatorze, have flung away his cane to avoid the temptation of making a dishonourable use of it. He would never, like the Emperor Nicholas at Buckingham Palace, have risen and hurried to open the door for a lady-in-waiting. What could be in more execrable taste than what we now know to have been his calculated attack on Lord Whitworth, which was pushed to such an extent of underbred violence that a shudder ran through the circle lest he should finish by a blow? "What did you intend to do, if he had struck you?" was the question put to the English ambassador on his return. "Draw my sword, and run him through the body," was the reply.

Again, in the famous interview with Prince Metternich (June 1813), a statesman who represented an emperor and had long guided the policy of an empire, he stormed and ranted and flung his hat on the ground to be picked up by the Prince (which it was not), as if he was dealing with one of his menials who was bound to tolerate any amount of bullying. No wonder that the calm, dignified bearing of the high-bred statesman put him out and added to his irritability. Amongst other coarse things, he said, "I have three times restored the Emperor Francis his throne; I have even committed the blunder of marrying his daughter, hoping to attach him to me; but nothing has availed to bring him over to better sentiments." Referring to the marriage a second time, he calls it a "very great blunder on his part;" and M. Thiers naively remarks:—

"This strange manner of treating, this contemptuous mode of mentioning a marriage for which moreover he appeared in no respect sorry as a private man, offended and irritated M. de Metternich, without much imposing on him, for a cold firmness would have impressed him more."

The reception of the Pope in 1804, whose attendance for his coronation was rather compelled than invited, is another instance. "I will say nothing (writes Gonsalvi) of the humiliations heaped on Pius VII. Such narratives are revolting to my memory and my pen." The commonest forms of politeness were not observed towards this venerable ecclesiastic, the spiritual head of the Catholic world. Politeness has been defined "the art of rendering to others what is socially their due." Savary complacently relates how it was ingeniously contrived

that the first meeting between the Pope and the Emperor should take place on the road through the forest of Fontainebleau, where, on the approach of the Papal carriage, the Emperor presented himself in hunting costume, on horseback, with a pack of dogs. The carriage stopped: the road was muddy, and the Pope shrank from placing his foot, "*chaussé de soie blanche*," on the ground; "*cependant, il fallut bien qu'il en vint là*." Napoleon dismounted: they embraced, and the imperial carriage was purposely stopped a few paces in advance, with both doors open. The Emperor got in by the right door and took the place of honour, leaving the left to his guest; and this first step (adds Savary) settled the etiquette, without negotiation, for the entire duration of the visit. The puerility of the proceeding is no less remarkable than the innate vulgarity which suggested it. Deference to a priest could imply no more than deference to a woman.*

The scandalous indignities to which Pius VII. was exposed in 1809 have been lucidly and forcibly detailed by M. d'Haussonville. The Holy Father's palace was broken open and his person arrested at dead of night. He was compelled to take a succession of long journeys whilst suffering under a painful complaint, and at the place of detention, Savona, finally assigned to him, he was subjected to a sort of *peine forte et dure* in the hope of bringing him to terms. Denial of fire in cold weather, with scanty supplies of clean linen, were amongst the means employed by the successor of Charlemagne to subdue the successor of Leo;† and, considering that the Concordat had been framed to conciliate the revived religion of the mass of the people, Bonaparte's treatment of the Pope, judged merely as a piece of statecraft, was one of the very worst blunders of his reign.

The influence of the lady who took charge of Bonaparte's social education at Valence, must have been little more than ephemeral, for his matured sentiments towards women seem utterly devoid of refinement and delicacy. No man with the slightest tincture of chivalry would have publicly applied to a woman and a Queen, the language which he applied to the Queen of Prussia in his bulletins,‡ and his bearing towards her

* M. Thiers says that the meeting at Fontainebleau was arranged with a view to the comfort of his Holiness!

† "For the Pope, I am Charlemagne, because, like Charlemagne, I unite the crown of France to that of the Lombards, and that my empire is bordered by the East." (Napoleon to Cardinal Fesch, 1806.) Charlemagne went to Rome to be crowned by Leo III.

‡ In the "Bulletin to the Grand Army," of Octo-

when they met at Tilsit, smacked more of the barrack or guard-room than of the Court.

On the eve of the day when he was to deliver a speech in the Tribunal, Benjamin Constant came to Madame de Staël and said, "Your salon is filled with the society of your choice: it will be a desert to-morrow, if I speak. Think well of it." "Follow your conviction," was her reply. The prediction was realized to the letter; all her invited and habitual guests stayed away, and Fouché sent for her to tell her that the First Consul suspected her of having excited Benjamin Constant, and advised her to go into the country—the conventional mode of ordering out of Paris. "Such was the commencement of those vile persecutions against women, successively directed against Mesdames de Staël, Recamier, d'Avaux, de Chevreuse, de Balbi, de Champcenetz, de Damas, and so many other persons, distinguished by their wit, their beauty, or their virtues." What made this sort of persecution so terrible, was the long reach and unrelenting grasp of the persecutor. "Wherever you are," wrote Cicero to Marcellus, "remember that you are equally within the power of the conqueror." Madame de Staël complained that Europe had become "a great net which entangles you at every step." The Duc d'Enghien was carried off from a neutral territory, and the Comte de Provence (Louis XVIII.) narrowly escaped the same fate. An order to Mareschal Berthier, dated Saint Cloud, 5th August, 1806, begins thus:—"My cousin; I suppose you have arrested the booksellers of Augsburg and Nuremberg. My intention is that they be carried before a military tribunal and shot within twenty-four hours." It was under this authority that Palm, a Bavarian subject, was shot.

In the course of the interview already mentioned, M. de Metternich said: "Sire, I have just passed through your regiments: your soldiers are children. You have made levies by anticipation, and summoned into the field a scarcely formed generation. When this generation is destroyed by the war now pending, will you anticipate anew? will you call out one younger still." It was then that the autocrat lost all self-command and dashed his hat upon the ground ex-

ber 27, 1806, he more than insinuates that she had intrigued with the Emperor Alexander, and acted under his influence:—"In the apartment occupied by the Queen at Potsdam was found the portrait of the Emperor of Russia, which he had presented to her. . . . How unhappy are the princes who allow women to influence political affairs. The notes, the reports, the State papers, were scented, and found mixed with *chiffons* and other articles of the Queen's toilette."

claiming: "You are not a soldier; you have not the soul of one like me; you have not learned to despise the lives of others and your own. . . . What are two hundred thousand men to me?" Metternich saw his advantage; "Fling open the doors and windows, Sire; let all Europe hear what you say, and the cause I come here to uphold will not lose by it." Just before Napoleon had made another unconscious admission in justifying his refusal of peace: "I am a soldier, I need honour, glory; I cannot appear diminished in the middle of my people: I must continue great, glorious, admired." Then, to shade off the concentrated selfishness of his policy: "I am no longer my own master. I belong to the brave nation who hastens to shed its most generous blood at my call. I must not reply to such devotion by personal calculations, by weakness: I must preserve for them entire the grandeur they have purchased by such heroic efforts."

Although his calculations were purely personal, and his egotism unalloyed, it is not the less true that the brave nation had identified their glory with his, were still ready to fight on rather than surrender a particle of the grandeur he had purchased at their cost. And what a cost! It was not merely a population reduced and dwarfed by conscription to an extent that has left enduring traces in the race. The French mind suffered from the forced and cramping system like the body. The springs of intellect were dammed up or poisoned. While the imperial regime lasted, French genius resembled the prisoned eagle, which will not pair or propagate. Poetry and history were made to order, and eloquence was hermetically sealed; unless, indeed, adulatory addresses and bombastic bulletins in the vilest taste can be called eloquence. Its voice was heard no more after the expulsion of Benjamin Constant, Chenier, Guinguené, &c., from the Tribunat. He then pronounced it to be *epurée*. Say *ecremé* retorted Madame de Staël. He crushed literature at a blow:—

To the Citoyen Regnier (Grand Judge).

"July 7, 1803.

"As there appears to exist a system of corrupting opinion by the press, I think it best for the prefect of police to write a circular to all the booksellers to forbid them to offer any work for sale until seven days after remitting you a copy."

The newspapers were only just permitted to exist on sufferance:—

"To M. Fouché.

"April 22, 1805.

"Put some restraint on the newspapers, make

them insert good articles, give the editors of the 'Debats' and the 'Publiciste' warning, that the time is not far off when, finding them no longer useful, I shall suppress them with all the others, and keep but one. . . . *that I will never permit newspapers to say or do anything contrary to my interests: that they may write some little articles in which they may infuse a little venom, but that some fine morning their mouths will be closed.*"

It subsequently appears that the reason why they were to be allowed to infuse a little venom was, that in case foreign rulers should complain of libels, he might say they were beyond his control. Three other journals are warned that they will appear no more "unless the proprietors provide writers and editors of morality and patriotism superior to all corruption."

"To M. Fouché.

"Oct. 4, 1805.

"It strikes me that the journals do not animate the public spirit enough. Our journals are read everywhere, particularly in Hungary. Make them write articles telling the Germans and Hungarians how they are the dupes of English intrigues: that the Emperor of Germany sells the blood of his subjects for gold. . . . The spirit of the journals must be directed in this sense — to attack England in her fashions, her usages, her literature, her constitution."

In November, 1806, he writes from Berlin to order a continuation of Millot's "Elements of French History" in a proper spirit, and directly afterwards comes a letter to Cambacères: —

"If the army strives to do honour to the nation as much as possible, it must be owned that the men of letters do all they can to dishonour it. I read yesterday the bad verses sung at the opera. Why do you suffer them to sing impromptus at the opera? This is only proper at the Vaudeville. *People complain that we have no literature: this is the fault of the Minister of the Interior.*"

This is quite in the tone of Mummius at Corinth. The fact is his head was completely turned after Austerlitz, —

"Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres."

The interviews at Tilsit shew to what extent the balance of his mind had been destroyed by habitual falsehood, by the absence of any fixed standard of right and wrong, and the blind confidence engendered by success. He was throughout deceiving himself instead of Alexander, who reaped all the substantial benefits of the treaty, and gave nothing in return but promises, which

were (as they were sure to be) broken or nullified by events. All was delusion, nought was truth. In this respect (as M. Lanfrey observes) he would be disadvantageously contrasted with Frederic, who, coolly analysing the motives of his own policy, attributed it to ambition, interest, and the desire of being talked about. Nor do the last days of the Exile of St. Helena, even in the luminous pages of M. Thiers, present anything equal to the "sublime quarter of an hour" of the dying Augustus, when he smilingly asked his friends whether he had played the drama of life well. Bonaparte had utterly lost (if he ever possessed) the faculty of self-examination. Nothing, he persistently maintained, that he had ever thought or done was wrong in motive or in act. If his life was to live over again, he would live (with rare exception) as he had lived it. He should appear (he boasted) before his Maker without a fear. He passed most of his time in putting the best face on the inculpated passages of his reign, in falsifying history, in draping his own figure for posterity. He was wrapt up in his fame, like the beautiful Lady Coventry in her beauty; who took to her bed when she found it going, and died with a looking-glass in her hand. Plain truth to him was like woollen to Pope's coquette: —

"Odious in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissus spoke),

No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face,

One would not sure be frightful when one's dead;

And — Betty — give this cheek a little red."

For "Betty," read Las Casas or Montholon, and the parallel is complete.

In April, 1806, he wrote to Prince Eugene: —

"I am not in the habit of looking for my political opinion in the advice of others, and my people of Italy who know me ought not to forget I have more knowledge of affairs in my little finger than they in all their heads put together; and when at Paris, where there is more enlightenment than in Italy, people are silent and do homage to the opinion of a man who has proved that he saw farther and better than others, I am astonished that they have not the same condescension in Italy."

Fatuity had reached its acme when he could delude himself into the belief that the servile obedience he commanded was the willing tribute to his sagacity. The effect of this over-weening self-sufficiency, combined with his astounding energy and ac-

tivity, was to allow no independent field of action or development to any high order of talent or capacity, civil or military. Zeal, readiness, bravery, with intelligence enough to obey orders, were the sole qualifications in request. He demanded unscrupulous instruments — not honest or wise advisers — and woe to the statesman who insinuated a caution, the administrator who remonstrated against an oppressive impost, the commander who revolted against cruelty, or the diplomatist who hesitated at a lie. The race of civil functionaries were stunted in their growth morally and intellectually, like the rank and file of the army physically: each department of the state was depressed to a dead level of mediocrity. The eminent jurists to whom the Completion of the Code was intrusted, would have done far better without his intervention. M. Lanfrey shews that, to give him the credit of having planned or initiated this work, is altogether a mistake; and that his administrative reforms were marked neither by originality nor stability.

Military genius was never allowed fair play at any epoch of his career. The most promising generals — the possible competitors for fame — were treated like Massena and Moreau, —

"And all thy budding honours on thy crest.
I'll crop to make a garland for my head."

Bonaparte's invariable practice was to concentrate all his best troops in the army which he commanded in person, and to send his generals on expeditions for which their resources were notoriously inadequate. If a movement or manœuvre ordered by him failed, he as invariably denied the order, or asserted that it was not executed in the proper spirit or as he intended it. Thus the disaster at Kulm was imputed to Vandamme, and the collapse at Waterloo to Ney and Grouchy. Knowing literally nothing of naval matters, foolishly imagining that the tactics for fleets and armies were the same, he compelled Villeneuve to put to sea and encounter certain destruction at Trafalgar. When the admiral — a man of proved skill and courage — pointed out the inevitable results of leaving Cadiz, his pitiless master writes, "Villeneuve is a wretch who should be ignominiously dismissed. Without combination, without courage, without public spirit, he would sacrifice everything provided he could save his skin. Let my squadron set sail: let nothing stop it! it is my will that my squadron does not remain at Cadiz." It left Cadiz accordingly, and within fifteen days it was no more. His first exclamation on hearing the event

was: "I cannot be everywhere!" another astounding instance of fatuity. The entire responsibility was flung upon the unhappy admiral — who had gallantly done his duty — in terms that drove him to suicide. The morning after the receipt of a despatch from the Minister of Marine he was found lifeless, with six stabs from a knife in the region of the heart. The fragment of a letter to his wife ends: "What happiness that I have no child to receive my horrible inheritance and be loaded with the weight of my name. Ah, I was not born for such a lot, I have not sought it; I have been dragged into it in my own despite. Adieu, adieu." * * *

Such things make the blood boil, and they abound in the annals of this crowned scoundrel (*scellérat couronné*) as M. Lanfrey, hurried away by just indignation, designates him. How many broken hearts, how many desolated homes, how many blighted careers, how many ruined reputations, have gone to make this man the world's wonder! What torrents of blood and tears have been shed to float his name on the flood-tide of immortality, —

"Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

But that one virtue was military genius, and because it brought military grandeur to the French, they were, and are, proud of him, nay, proud of the laurelled and gilded chains he rivetted on them, though the laurels have faded and the gilding is rubbed off.

An English traveller, stopping at a French hotel before the Revolution, came upon a Frenchman mercilessly horsewhipping his valet in the corridor, and, after rescuing the man, told him that he should take legal proceedings for the assault. He drew himself up and replied: "I would have you know, sir, that my master is too great a man for that. He could have a *lettre-de-cachet* for the asking." "Confound the fellow," exclaimed the traveller, "he was proud of having a master who could treat him like a dog." Had not the collective nation something of the same feeling? Were they not proud of a master who could treat them like dogs, who could make them crouch at his feet when he was not hounding them on their prey? Do they not occasionally cast a longing lingering look behind at the dearly-bought grandeur that has passed away? There are signs that he who runs may read. Their recently revived call for free institutions is owing far less to the love of liberty than to the loss of military prestige. Personal government,

rudely shaken by the Mexican expedition, received its death blow at Sadowa, which threw Magenta and Solferino into the shade. France is kept awake by thinking of the trophies of Prussia, and cannot rest under the thought that she is no longer indisputably the first military nation in the world. If the continent is to be again turned into one huge battle field, it will be to satisfy this fantastic point of honour. By way of striking a congenial chord, the founder of the Second Empire, whose head is never turned like his uncle's, wrote thus:—

"Palace of the Tuilleries, April 12, 1869.

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE, — On the 15th of August next a hundred years will have elapsed since the Emperor Napoleon was born. During that long period many ruins have been accumulated, but the grand figure of Napoleon has remained upstanding. It is that which still guides and protects us—it is that which, out of nothing, has made me what I am.

"To celebrate the centenary date of the birth of the man who called France the great nation, because he had developed in her those manly virtues which found empires, is for me a sacred duty, in which the entire country will desire to join. ***

"My desire is that from the 15th of August next every soldier of the Republic and of the First Empire should receive an annual pension of 250 francs.

"To awaken grand historical recollections is to encourage faith in the future; and to do hon-

our to the memory of great men is to recognise one of the most striking manifestations of the Divine will."

To what does the grand figure point? In what sense does it guide and protect? What are the manly virtues that found empires on cannon balls and bayonets? How is it a pious duty to do honour to such manifestations of the Divine will?—

"If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?"

If we recognize the hand of Providence in these scourges of our race, are we also bound to praise, honour, and worship them? To do so would be to imitate the barbarians who select for their fondest adoration the fetish or idol they think most capable of working evil. This tendency of the human mind, when unaided by revelation, to form for itself malevolent and maleficent deities to be propitiated by blood and pain, has led a very eminent writer and thinker to contend that natural religion has done more harm than good, has proved less a blessing than a curse. Without going the whole way along with him in his argument, we deem it quite conclusive against that popular faith or superstition, which erects a temple to imperialism and places "the grand figure" of Napoleon on the shrine.

LONG GOWNS AND SHORT.—In early England the long gowns had a long reign, for Chaucer inveighed against them in his *Parson's Tale*, about 1390 A.D.: "The superfluitie in lengthe of the forsaide gownes, traylinge in the donge and in the myre, on hors and eek on foot, that al thikle [that] traylyng is verrailly (as in effect) wasted, consumed, thredbare, and rotyng with donge, rather than it is geven to the pore, to gret damage of the forsaide pore folk." Sir David Lyndesay, the great satirist, found long gowns still in vogue in his day, say 1530–50 A.D., and denounced them with his well-known vigour and plainness of speech, which latter is not all quotable here. He writes his poem against *Syde Tails*, or long skirts, to his king, James the Fifth, and asks him to issue his Royal Proclamation against those

syde tallis,
Quiblk throw the dust and dubbis traillis,
Thre quarteris lang behind thare heillis,
Expres agane all Commoun weillis, —

and also against the muffers, or veils, with which the Scotch women hid their faces. It was

not until Elizabeth's time, in England, that short dresses established themselves. Now that they are again fixed for walking costume, and the only question is as to the height they should be from the ground, we wish to bring forward the opinion of the famous old Scotch poet, Sir David Lyndesay of the Mont, Knight, Lyon King of Arms, that four inches is the proper measure to be observed on this important question:—

To se, I think ane plesand sicht,
Of Italie the Ladyis bricht,
In thare clything most triumphant
Aboue all vther christin land.
Yit, quhen thay trauell throw the townis,
Men sels thare feit beneath thare gownis,
Four Inche aboue thare proper heillis,
Circulat about als round as quheillis;
Quhare-throw thare dois na poulder [dust] rylis,
Thare fair quhyte lymmis to supprylis.

Mr. and Mrs. Howitt are about to leave England for a year in Switzerland and Italy. Mr. Howitt is engaged on a volume of *Quaker History and Biography*.

CHAPTER X.

AT CROSS-PURPOSES.

MISS VERSCHOYLE did not make her appearance in the breakfast-room next morning until nearly ten o'clock. Most of the party had already left, and the remainder were about to follow their example. Mr. Ford was still sitting at the table, in order, as it seemed, to converse with his newly-arrived guest, who had only just commenced breakfast. As Audrey entered the room, Mr. Ford advanced to meet her, and after the usual salutations, led her to the table, saying, —

"Miss Verschoyle, you must allow me to introduce Mr. Dynecourt to you, a gentleman to whom I feel very grateful for giving me the pleasure of his company for a short time."

Good Richard Ford uttered these words nervously, fearing that his speech might not convey so much honour as he wished it to do. Gladly would he have sunk into temporary insignificance, if Mr. Dynecourt would have consented to consider that he was still master in his old home. Geoffrey Dynecourt had shrunk from paying this visit; but his voluntary banishment had so visibly pained the new owner, that he determined, in gratitude for the kindness and consideration Mr. Ford had shown him, to overcome this feeling. It was a trial to go as guest where he had lived as master, but it was only one of many, and he began to take rather a pride in conquering his feelings, and forgetting that he had ever been anything but what he now was — Geoffrey Dynecourt, barrister of the Inner Temple.

Miss Verschoyle acknowledged the pleasure it gave her to meet Mr. Dynecourt, who rose, bowed, and gave her a chair. Then as both looked up to take a closer inspection of each other, their eyes met, and Audrey knew that it was he who had stood listening to her while singing.

"I am fortunate," she said, "in finding a companion, for generally at breakfast I have the full benefit of my own society."

"Why," replied Mr. Dynecourt, "do you so dislike early rising?"

"Oh! I detest it; the family morning meal, when all are assembled at eight or nine o'clock, is a remnant of barbarism, invented doubtless to promote and keep alive discord. Who could feel amiable at that hour?"

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Dynecourt, laughing, "I was up at six this morning, and I felt quite as fond of mankind then as I do now."

"Oh! but not of womankind," put in Mr.

Ford; "for then, my dear sir, you had not seen Miss Verschoyle."

"Mr. Ford is so charmingly old-fashioned," said Audrey, smiling, "that he has not forgotten that the most effectual way of making a woman good-tempered, is to pay her a compliment."

"Do you really think, Miss Verschoyle," asked Mr. Dynecourt, "that ladies set so much value on flattery or compliments?"

"Speaking from what I hear most people say, I should most certainly say no; speaking from personal experience, most decidedly yes. I delight in a compliment, and can comfortably digest a very tolerable quantity of wholesome flattery. I often smile, as you are doing now, at this weakness, but 'it is our nature to,' and we cannot help feeling very kindly towards a man who delicately shows us our superiority. But of course it must be managed skilfully. When it is so, I may know quite well that it is not true; yet I like to hear it, and in a way believe it."

Mr. Dynecourt looked at her steadily.

"Ah!" she said, "I know you are pitying my weakness."

"No indeed, I was thinking what an unusual amount of truthfulness you have."

"Are you trying my powers of credulity?" she asked, somewhat scornfully, "because you have already succeeded in overstepping the boundary, and stumbled on a piece of flattery which I cannot swallow."

"Have I?" he answered; "it was quite unintentional. I never pay compliments, that is not my forte."

At this point Miss Bingham came into the room, saying that they had decided upon a charming plan. They were to ramble through the Abbey-Woods, taking luncheon with them for the "Abbot's Rest," then they would return by "The Dame's Farm," get some tea there, and drive back again by dinner-time.

"That will be charming," exclaimed Audrey, turning to Mr. Dynecourt.

"Yes," he said, "I think you have been happy in your arrangements."

Miss Bingham hastened off to enter more fully into an account of what was to be done; Audrey and Mr. Dynecourt seated themselves on the terrace, and carried on an animated conversation, until Marshall came from Lady Laura, to say that she wished to speak to Miss Verschoyle.

Audrey obeyed the summons, deciding that she would give herself a treat that day, and devote some portion of her company to Mr. Dynecourt. "I fancy I shall like him," she thought, "or else I shall dislike him, for he is one of those people one must have

decided opinions about; and mine are, as yet, unformed. I think he is good-looking."

"Marshall, don't you think that gentleman I was sitting with — Mr. Dynecourt I mean — is very handsome?"

"Handsome, Miss Audrey, la! no; he looks to me all one colour — eyes, skin, and hair; and he has such a melancholy, haughty sort of look, just like the picture of that Lord Howard at Spencer House, as if he was saying, 'I'm very miserable, but I defy you to pity me.'"

"Well, really, he has something Vandikeish about him," returned Miss Verschoyle. "I suppose it is that short pointed brown beard which gives the expression; but I think him very good-looking, and I am not sure that I shall not end by calling him very handsome."

"You don't mean it, Miss Audrey; though I must say you have a very peculiar taste. You always thought that Adam Gregor was good-looking — a poor woebegone fellow. Everybody to their liking, of course, but give me a nice fresh colour, with good curly hair and whiskers, and eyes like sloes, and anybody may have the peaky-faced, yellow-haired gentlemen for me."

"What! are you still faithful to that Jack-my-Hearty you met at Plymouth?"

"I'm sure I don't know who you mean, Miss Audrey, but I suppose if I am going to lose my young lady, it's quite time that I was faithful to somebody, and had got somebody to be faithful to me."

"Very true, Marshall; but I am not off your hands yet; and you and I are too old stagers to count our chickens before they are hatched."

"Oh! but, miss, it's all secure this time; if you will say 'yes,' there'll be nobody to gainsay you. I wish I was as sure of being comfortably settled, as I am that before this time next year, I shall see you mistress here."

Miss Verschoyle laughed. "And if so," she said, "get your sailor friend to leave off toiling on the sea, and become a tiller of the ground, and we'll find him a sinecure situation. Did you say mamma was in my room?"

"Yes, miss."

Audrey entered, and found Lady Laura engaged in pulling out and crimping up the frills and lace attached to the costume which she and Marshall had agreed that Audrey should wear.

"I am not going to wear that dress, mamma," she exclaimed, "I shall wear my new blue one."

"Why spoil that, dear? You look very

well in this one, and Mr. Ford, I see, is not an impressionable man as regards dress."

Audrey did not answer Lady Laura's remark. She only said, —

"I have made up my mind to wear the blue."

Now, under ordinary circumstances this would have been a declaration of war in words, which would have raged sharply, until Audrey had given in, and conceded to her mother's wishes; but just now Lady Laura was wonderfully yielding and amiable towards her daughter. So she told Marshall to put away the refused dress carefully, and left her daughter under the maid's hands. Miss Verschoyle desired that her hair might be rearranged after a fashion she considered particularly becoming. Altogether she took such an interest in her appearance, that Marshall felt quite certain that her mistress had something "fresh in her head." When her toilette was finished, and Audrey went into her mother's room for inspection, Lady Laura exclaimed, —

"You were quite right, my dear, to decide upon the blue. I never saw you looking better. Charles, love, come and congratulate your sister on her appearance."

Captain Verschoyle, who had been sitting with Lady Laura, turned round, and lifting up his eyebrows to evince his astonishment, asked who it was all for.

"Who is it for?" repeated Lady Laura; "really, Charles!"

"Well, then, what is it for?" said Captain Verschoyle.

"For your especial benefit, sir," replied Audrey, with a significant nod as she went out of the room.

"Dear girl, how I shall miss her!" said Lady Laura pathetically. "I am sure no disinterestedness can equal that of a mother in giving up her children." Then, seeing Marshall had gone, she added, confidentially, "My idea is, that Audrey has determined that the old gentleman shall propose to-day; and a very excellent thought it is, for they could not have a more fitting opportunity."

"Oh, mother! the idea of her sacrificing herself in this way is hateful to me."

"Now, Charles, I beg — I insist — that you do not mention such a thing to Audrey; not that I think my daughter would listen to such an absurd word as sacrifice, in the case of a girl who has not a penny marrying a man with £30,000 pounds a year."

"Come, mother, don't forget you were young yourself," answered her son.

"Yes, young and foolish, Charles. Your dear father was a charming man, and I am

sure I idolized him; but he ought never to have married me—I have said so dozens of times to him, and he always agreed with me. I love my children too well ever to expose them to such a life of struggle to keep up appearances as I have had."

"But," said Charles Verschoyle, "do you not think you would have been much happier if you had accepted your position, acknowledged yourself unable to compete with your wealthy friends, and contented yourself with the society of those who valued you for yourself?"

"And where, I should like to know, would you have been had I only studied my own case? Really, Charles, I was unprepared for such ingratitude in you, when my one aim has been to maintain and keep my position for my children's sake."

"My dear mother, you know I appreciate all your goodness, but I do dislike being tolerated and patronized, through accepting invitations I can never make any return for."

"Then all I can say is, I am very sorry to hear that my son possesses such a plebeian spirit of independence. A proper pride, which forbids one to make intimates of vulgar people, or to associate with persons one never meets in society, I can appreciate; but to give up the *entrée* to such houses as stamp your standing in society, because the people don't make a great fuss about you, or be unable to put up with a somewhat rude speech from a person who can get you invited to most of the places other people are dying to be seen at, would be a piece of folly which few well-bred persons, I think, could understand."

Captain Verschoyle smiled as he answered,

"Your ladyship lays too much weight on aristocratic birth and breeding, forgetting that 'virtue alone is true nobility.'"

"Charles, I beg you will not repeat any of those horrid radical sayings to me. You are really growing exactly like that odious old Henry Egerton, who is always preaching about equality. I suppose you will be telling me next that it is my duty to visit with the greengrocer, and to cultivate the society of the butcher and baker, with a view to an ultimate alliance being formed with some of them."

"Well, you know," said her son, silyly, "you are giving your consent to one of the family marrying a tradesman."

"I have no patience with you, Charles. If you have not the sense to understand the difference which a colossal fortune makes in the man's position, I give you up. I have never asked, and I have no curiosity to

know, how Mr. Ford made his money. It is enough for me to know that he *has it*, and that society accepts him on the same terms. I am quite sure that when he is Audrey's husband they will be in a very good set; I shall take care of that. Our family know too well what is due to any member of it not to lend a helping hand. I don't expect your uncle Spencer, nor Lord Towcester, nor any of our aristocratic cousins, to make a boon companion of the man, but I feel certain that they'll ask him to their large entertainments, and make a point of always accepting his invitations to dinner."

"Poor old gentleman!" exclaimed Captain Verschoyle, "he won't trouble the family long; he'll soon sink under all the greatness thrust upon him. Do you think that if I were to honour with my hand some daughter of a house gilded but yet defiled by trade, I should be able to insure that my wife would be jostled by the aristocratic elbows assembled at Grantley House, and snubbed by the patrician mouth of Lady Spencer?"

"There can be no occasion for me to answer such absurd questions. Besides, I hope *your* wife will be able to enter society in her own right. The Bingham are an old county family, and distantly connected with Lord Radnor and the Tufsons. I found all that out from Mrs. Winterton."

"Oh! is it decided, then, that Miss Bingham is to be your future daughter-in-law?"

"Well, it will be your own fault if she is not, and I should think you would hardly be so blind as to throw such a chance away; for though you keep your looks remarkably well, you have certainly lost much of the *esprit* you had some years ago. I wanted to speak to you about Miss Bingham, only we have wasted all our time over this ridiculous discussion. I see now who Mr. Ford was reserving her for."

"And who was that?"

"This Mr. Dynecourt he makes so much of. It is not likely he will have a chance with *you*; but still I should redouble my attentions, and when all is settled between Audrey and Mr. Ford, she can give him a hint not to press the young man to prolong his stay."

"I beg you will do nothing of the kind, mother, for I can assure you it is not at all certain at present that I shall ever wish to dispute any one's claim to the honour of being Miss Bingham's suitor."

Lady Laura saw that her son was not now inclined to listen favourably to her schemes for his marriage, so she wisely resolved to hold her tongue. Professing to be suddenly amazed at the lateness of the hour, she asked

him if it was not time that he should join the rest of the party, whom she was going to see start, for her inclination did not prompt her to accompany them.

Mr. Ford proposed driving to Abbot's Gate, and Audrey volunteered to be his charioteer. As they had to go round a long distance, they started before the pedestrians. The conversation naturally turned upon Mr. Dynecourt, and Audrey heard to her great surprise that he had been the former owner of the property. Mr. Ford grew eloquent while eulogizing the man who had acted so nobly.

"I do not expect you to admire his conduct as I do, Miss Verschoyle, because you have not been brought up to look on an honest, independent spirit as I have; but the man who possesses that, and sufficient perseverance to battle with the world and to conquer, why it is nineteen to one but he'll succeed. Where should I have been but for that? Certainly not sitting beside you, my dear young lady," he added, sobering down, lest he might become too confidential in his enthusiasm. "I tell Mr. Dynecourt he'll die Lord Chancellor yet. I hate going to law, but I should almost snatch an opportunity that I might do him a good turn."

"Why," said Audrey, "what is he?"

"A barrister, and a very rising one, too. He has many influential friends, and every sensible man commends his spirit. Some of his other friends wished him to wait and get a diplomatic something, but he preferred doing what he has done, and I honour him."

"Poor fellow!" said Audrey, "what a trial; not only giving the place up, but all the old memories and associations; oh! I do so feel for him."

"So did I, Miss Verschoyle, more than I ever did for any one in my life."

"But could nothing be done?" said Audrey; "was he irretrievably ruined?"

"Nothing could be done then; things had been going from bad to worse for generations; the former owners had shut their eyes, and left to their successors the task of amending matters, or of plunging deeper into the mire. I cannot explain it to you, but embarrassments hedged him in completely, so that notwithstanding the enormous sum I paid for the place, Mr. Dynecourt was not able to secure more than suffices to bring him in £500 a year. I tell you this, knowing it will go no further."

"Certainly," replied Audrey, "it is safe with me. I am very glad you have told me."

"I thought when I did so you would appreciate him," said Mr. Ford, kindly.

"I do, and you too, Mr. Ford; you have a very noble nature."

"Thank you, my dear; that is a compliment which, coming from you, I value very much."

Had Audrey entertained the idea her mother had credited her with, and pursued her opportunity, assuredly she would then have been offered the hand of Richard Ford. But she did not wish that the honour should be presented to her just yet. So, when they reached Abbot's Gate, and had sent the carriage back, she adroitly changed the subject by reminding Mr. Ford that he had never given her an account of the ruin they were going to see at Abbot's Rest. Once launched on his favourite topic, Audrey was safe from all love passages, which, to speak truth, Mr. Ford was very glad to shirk; for he more often wished his companion was his daughter than that she should be his wife. He had no desire to marry; and the only inducement was, that, with the exception of two or three distant cousins, about whom he cared nothing, he had nobody to whom he could leave his wealth. Though he could always gather people round him, yet he was very lonely in the midst of them. And then he was being constantly told that he ought to marry. He had taken a great liking to Audrey; and since she had been his guest his regard had grown daily, until he had made up his mind that if he did marry, she should be his wife. Still he gave a sigh when he thought of this, for notwithstanding his sixty years, his stout figure, and generally common-place appearance, Richard Ford had a seat in his heart which death had left vacant; and it seemed to him something like sacrilege to a memory to fill that place, even in name.

CHAPTER XI.

ABBOT'S WALK.

ABBOT'S WALK was a long avenue of beech trees, at the end of which was an old ivy-covered ruin of what had probably been a votive chapel to some saint. Tradition said that the pious abbot, Petrock, had "raised it to that reverend St. German, bishop of Auxerre, whose memorial was so sacred among the Britons, that many churches were dedicated to his memory in this island;" and the good Petrock having gone thither, as was his daily wont, to meditate on the saint's wisdom, "in that he had been one of those who confuted Pelagius's heresy," was found by the monks seemingly in a deep sleep, from which he had never awakened. From that time they had named this peaceful retreat "The Abbot's Rest."

You might have wandered many a long mile before so fair and secluded a spot would have met your eye. Coming immediately out of the rather gloomy walk, the little knoll on which the ruin stood looked bright without being sunny. Its rich carpet of wild thyme was studded with flowers rarely found in any other part of the grounds. The large stones, lying here and there, were covered with moss, and formed supports to thick low bushes of roses, which were cut, in order to prevent their long branches trailing over the ground. On the side opposite the ruin, you were separated from Dyne woods by a lazy murmuring stream.

When Audrey and Mr. Ford came suddenly to this spot, they both uttered an exclamation of surprise, to find the whole party assembled. They were all sitting quietly after their walk, either silently resting, or conversing in low whispers. The first couple Audrey took note of was her brother and Miss Bingham. Then she looked all round. To her disappointment, Mr. Dynecourt was not there. But he might have rambled away with the Rector's daughter, so she asked—

"Did you call for Miss Coventry?"

"We sent for her," said Miss Bingham, "but she had an engagement."

Perhaps he was coming later.

After a time she said, "But where is Mr. Dynecourt?"

"He asked me to excuse him early in the morning," returned Mr. Ford.

"Yes," added Miss Trefusis, "he walked to the first gate with us, and pointed out the prettiest way, but he said he was unable to join us."

"We made a bargain together," said Mr. Ford, "that if he would come here, he should be entirely free to do as he liked, and go where he liked unquestioned. I daresay he has gone off to one of the neighbours: they are all anxious to see him."

"There are no people living very near here though?" said Audrey.

"No," replied Mr. Ford, "but he is an excellent walker, and if he chooses to ride or drive he can do so."

In spite of herself, Audrey was vexed, as well as disappointed. She had no wish that Mr. Dynecourt should fall in love with her, but she wanted him to admire her. Before she had heard his history, she had made up her mind to devote herself to that purpose during the day. This desire had been the cause of the especial regard she had that morning displayed for her personal appearance. Since the conversation with Mr. Ford, all her sympathies had been enlisted; and she resolved she would delicately pay

him every attention. He should feel that all this was not from pity, but from an appreciation of his character. And now, after all this thought and planning on her part, he was not to be present to receive the benefit. She was piqued. But after a time she smiled at her unreasonable vexation. "I am forgetting," she thought, "that I am scarcely on promotion now. How odd it will be for me to have done with scheming; it will rather diminish the zest of going out. I wonder what thorns lie on the bed of roses upon which unbounded wealth reposes. Not many, I fancy, that will penetrate my hardened skin. So adieu to my new-fledged fancy, I'll console myself with my Nestor; but, my mood being somewhat capacious, I had better not indulge in *tete-à-tetes*."

The day passed very pleasantly, Audrey exerting herself to amuse everybody; helping General Trefusis to compound a delicious mystery in the shape of a champagne cup; washing the salad in the stream; insisting on Mr. Ford helping her to lay the table; then making him sit down and watch her, because she feared he was tired; and, finally, knowing the two old gentlemen had walked quite enough, she professed herself unable to get farther than Abbot's Gate. General Trefusis and Mr. Ford must, therefore, please drive with her, and they would meet the rest of the party at "The Dame's Farm," and after tea, again drive home together.

After they had departed, Mrs. Crichton, the farmer's wife, declared that if that was the lady Mr. Ford was to marry, though he had picked the whole world he could not have found a nicer. Roger Cross had told her all about it, and she was a noble-featured madam.

"Ah!" exclaimed the good woman, "I wish it was one of the old stock she was to be bride to; what a couple the master and she would make!"

While Audrey was dressing for dinner, she told her mother how they had enjoyed their day. Though she did not seem to have had any formal proposal made to her, yet, as she had evidently devoted herself to Mr. Ford, Lady Laura was delighted to hear her daughter so often unconsciously couple their names together. Charles, too, seemed to have made up for his dereliction, by paying Miss Bingham very pointed attentions. All was thus going on in a way to satisfy her maternal anxiety. As her eyes followed Audrey's graceful figure through the room, she said, with pride, to Marshall—

"Miss Audrey is very elegant, Marshall."

"Yes, my lady; she pays for dress."

"My family always do," replied Lady Laura. "We seem born for silks, and satins, and jewels; but then you seldom see a well-born person over-dressed. There was that Mrs. Danegelt; people made such a fuss about her, though I always thought she had too many ornaments on; and afterwards I discovered that her father was a woollen draper. It's a very odd thing how naturally people seem to become what they are born to."

"But, my lady, some people seem to think that anything becomes them," said Marshall, dryly.

"That's true, Marshall; and I am glad to know you have so much sense. It is very sad to see all the barriers of distinction in dress and other things broken down; besides, it is so wicked, because, of course, it is the will of Providence."

"Ah! mamma," laughed Audrey, "you may depend upon it there are people desperate enough to believe that we are all brothers and sisters."

"Well, perhaps, figuratively speaking, we are so; but every right-minded person will know and appreciate the demands of aristocratic birth."

"Then you are not of that sort, Marshall," said Audrey; "for I have been demanding my fan and my handkerchief for the last twenty minutes, because, if permitted, my wish is to descend to the drawing room."

Mr. Dynecourt made his appearance at dinner. He did not sit near Audrey, and she took little part in the general conversation. Lady Laura, remarking this, Mr. Ford excused her, saying she must be tired. She had done so much that day, he explained; adding, in his old-fashioned way, "she has shown us that she can be as useful as she is ornamental." Audrey nodded her thanks to the old gentleman; and, shielding herself under the plea of fatigue, ate her dinner almost in silence.

The Finches were leaving the next day; so Mr. Ford considered it incumbent upon him to devote himself to them that evening; and Miss Verschoyle was allowed to enjoy her book undisturbed. At last the daylight slowly faded away, and she was obliged to give up reading. Almost immediately after, somebody said:—

"I have been waiting patiently for you to close your book. I had not the courage to disturb you."

It was Mr. Dynecourt; and having said this, he seated himself by her side. Audrey expressed regret that he had not shared in the pleasures of the day.

"Did you not think of us all?" she asked.

"I do not know that I thought of you all; I thought of you very often."

"And why?" she demanded.

"Well, I can hardly say why, but things you had said came back to my mind. I have seen so few ladies lately, that you do not know what a treat it is to me to talk to one."

"Ah!" she answered, laughing, "observing I was unduly flattered by your remembering me especially, you hasten to show me the compliment is due to my sex, not to my individual charms."

"Indeed you are wrong; my fear is that from having been unused to ladies' society, I shall say too readily what is in my mind, and so give offence by my apparent boldness."

"Have you no sisters, then?"

"No, nor any near female relative. All my intimate friends are middle-aged married people, so that I have never been in a position to talk unreservedly with any woman."

"Do not tell me I have before me such a *rara avis* as a man who has never cared for any woman in particular."

"You have," he returned; "I do not say I was never haunted by a beautiful face, or that I never put myself out of the way to meet some pretty girl who had caught my fancy; but as to being in love—certainly not. I have never seen any woman whom I desired to marry, and I suppose I never shall now. People do not readily fall in love at eight-and-twenty."

"Oh, men do," said Audrey.

"But why men more than women?"

"Because they are younger at that age."

"But not in heart?" said Mr. Dynecourt.

"Well, I suppose not, but people can get on very well without love—if they have money." She added: "Now, we are very poor. I never have money enough to meet my wants, and naturally I have felt some envy of the people who were able to get all they desired. So I believe the right arrangement is, that the rich men should marry the poor girls, and the heiresses the men without money."

"Then," said Mr. Dynecourt, "pray exclude me from your arrangement, for I would not marry the richest woman in England if I did not love her and she did not love me. I am poor, but because I have lost my property I have not given up every chance of happiness, every claim to the gift which God has left to us as a feeble trace of Eden. You do not mean that, Miss Verschoyle. I could not look into your face without feeling that you have loved, or that you will love deeply and truly."

"It has not come yet," she replied; "and, to quote your words, people do not readily fall in love at eight-and-twenty. Now, do not betray my confidence, for I have a horror of people knowing how old I am. Indeed, I do not know why I was weak enough to tell you."

"Oh, I knew it before; Mrs. Winterton asked me if I did not admire you; and added that you were wonderfully young looking for eight-and-twenty."

Audrey laughed. "I hope," she said, "you were polite enough to contradict her. I shall think very poorly of your *savoir faire* if you did not."

"No, I did not contradict her, neither did I agree with her. I said what I thought—that you must have always looked the same, and that you would always continue the same, because it was for something more than actual beauty one would love to look upon such a face as yours."

She looked up at him quickly. "Stay," she said, "let me recall your speech of this morning; 'I never pay compliments—flattery is not my forte.'"

"See," said Mr. Dynecourt, "already I have offended you; but don't be too severe. I told you I was afraid that my habit of speaking my thoughts would make you think me over bold."

"Indeed!" she replied. "I only wanted to assure myself that I was not going to hear of my goodness and amiable temper next."

"I should never tell you that," he answered, laughing, "because I am not sure that you have a *very* amiable temper. Do you know I thought you were more cross than tired at dinner?"

Audrey laughed outright.

"So I was," she said, "and *you* were the reason. I was vexed with you for not coming to the picnic."

At this moment Mr. Ford came up, and she went on.

"I am just telling Mr. Dynecourt that I was very cross with him for not joining us to-day."

"That's right, my dear, *you* scold him. I did not like to interfere with you," he continued, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, "but I was very much disappointed at your not coming. However, we will have another day, and then you'll make up for it. We are going into the next room now; Miss Finch has consented to favour us with a last remembrance of her beautiful music."

Audrey prepared to follow.

"Afterwards," said Mr. Dynecourt, "you will sing something."

"I!" she answered; "no, I never sing to people."

"But you sing for people. I heard you, and thought it was different from any singing I had listened to before."

Then she left him, and sat by Miss Finch's side, and afterwards she joined Mr. Ford, so there was no further conversation between them. Mr. Ford told her that he hoped she liked his favourite, and that he should be obliged if she would help him in his endeavour to make Mr. Dynecourt's visit as pleasant as possible.

"I shall be delighted to help you in any way I can," she answered, "and I like Mr. Dynecourt very much. He is rather different from anybody I have met before. I enjoy talking to him."

"That is right," answered Mr. Ford; "I want you to be excellent friends. I always like my favourites to take to one another."

"Then am I a favourite?" she asked, looking smilingly into his face.

"You are a very great favourite, my dear. I only wish for your sake that I was a young man."

"Do not wish that," she said; "perhaps you would not be so nice."

"Perhaps not," he answered, as he inwardly contemplated himself at five-and-twenty, when he had got his first start in life. How would this elegant young lady have regarded him then? Certainly not with the eyes of love, as, "drest all in his best," he gave his Patty a treat and took her to Primrose Hill, or out to enjoy the wonders of the St. Helena Gardens. Ah! what happy days those were—past for ever, for money could purchase no delights such as he knew then. He sighed, and turning to Audrey, said:—

"Make the most of your young days, Miss Verschoyle, for youth has happiness which in after life we vainly sigh for."

"Has it?" she replied. "I feel as if I had never experienced any of those pleasures. It must be very pleasant to have bygone days to recall and dwell upon."

"Sometimes those memories come back very bitterly," he said, "and yet I would not wittingly part with one. Most people would say I have had a wonderfully prosperous life, and I thankfully acknowledge that I have; but if it were permitted that we might in any way make a choice, I would have given up my money had God seen fit to spare me what I valued more."

Audrey had no opportunity of making any answer, for Mr. Ford abruptly turned round and asked Miss Trefusis to play him

"The Harmonious Blacksmith," and their *tete-à-tete* was not renewed.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOOKING TO BOTH SIDES.

To regulate his feelings by his common sense is one of the most difficult tasks a man can set himself to perform. So, at all events, thought Captain Verschoyle as he endeavoured to persuade himself that, should Miss Bingham accept the hand his common sense prompted him to offer her, he ought to consider himself a very lucky fellow. "She is extremely ladylike," he said to himself, "decidedly pretty, and inclined to be uncommonly fond of me." Yet he did not like her, and it was no use asking himself why. It was enough that, notwithstanding all her attractions, he did not, could not, and never should care for her.

He felt his utter inability to marry without money. Nevertheless this was his real position, and unless the girl he might desire to make his wife possessed an income at least equalling his own, he must forego all idea of changing his condition. True, he might do so, if he gave up his profession; but when he contemplated all the advantages he hoped to gain by his hard service, his campaigns, and Crimean feats, he exclaimed—

"No! not for any woman living. What makes me want to get married I don't know; but certainly when I came home this time the idea took possession of me; and then that foolish old mother of mine is so anxious to secure this chance, which she very flatteringly hints may be my last. Well, I suppose I shall be a fool if I don't try my luck. A fellow does not get such a chance every day."

Then, as he stood in front of the glass settling his tie, he thought,—

"I'm not a bad-looking fellow, and I don't think that, as men go, I'm a bad sort, but I'm hanged if I believe any woman was ever downright in love with me yet. They've shammed, and so have I, so I have not very much right to complain."

After this he succeeded in running a pin into the back of his neck, which feat effectually drove love and Miss Bingham out of his head; and, after the manner of his sex, he spent the rest of the time in bestowing the most condemnatory epithets on those indispensable requirements. Later in the day he sought his mother, and finding her in her own room, he said suddenly, and without any preamble—

"Mother, do you know, I think I shall run up to town for a few days."

Lady Laura regarded her son with considerable surprise, but she would not commit herself further than to repeat, "Going to town for a few days!"

"Yes; I want to see after those boxes of mine. There is some bother with the railway now."

Her ladyship put a mark in the book she was reading, shut it, and laid it on the table near her. Then turning round so that she might face her son, she said, as she looked at him fixedly—

"My dear Charles, what *can* you mean? May I ask what are your intentions?"

Captain Verschoyle laughed as he answered, "Well, the truth is, I feel so uncertain of my intentions, that I want to try if a week's absence will not help my decision."

Lady Laura gave a little shrug of her shoulders, as she continued in her sweetest voice, "You are acting very foolishly, Charles, and nothing is more fatal than indecision. Now, if you have any doubt of yourself, why do you not propose this very day, being quite certain what your line of action should be? After the thing is done you cannot draw back, and you will begin at once to see the wisdom of your choice."

"No, mother, that is not me at all. If I acted upon your advice I should repent it immediately, and perhaps ever after."

Lady Laura saw she had best try a little severity, so she demanded in a rather sarcastic tone, "Would it be too much to ask you what more you want than a sweet, amiable girl, ready to yield to your every wish; whose money you might spend without a word being asked; who would at any time be made happy by the prospect of a ball or *fete*, and who would be won over and appeased by any trifling article of dress or jewellery, without casting in your teeth that it was her own silver which had baited the hook that secured her favour?"

"But, mother, I don't see why I should marry at all unless I am perfectly certain that it would immensely add to my happiness. My income is sufficient to keep me."

"Oh! indeed, is it?" interrupted Lady Laura, elevating her eyebrows with feigned astonishment.

"Well! I know I have kicked over the traces sometimes, but I always manage to make things square in the end. I've always contrived to pay what I owed."

"Really, have you?" Then she added in the same cutting tone, "What a comfort for a mother to know that she has a son whose

highest ambition in life is to be able to pay what he owes!"

"Come, come," said Captain Verschoyle, "you're getting vexed with me, and there is no reason for that. I only tell you that I think I had best have a few days by myself before I decide—perhaps an unnecessary thing—for very likely the young lady or her belongings would turn up their noses at a penniless soldier, though he had the honour of being Lady Laura Verschoyle's son."

"Indeed, they would do nothing of the kind," said Lady Laura, angrily. "Though it is quite true dozens of men would snap at her, yet remember every man is not connected as you are; and from something I learned about them a few days since, I know that unless she *does* marry somebody of good family, she will never get into a good set. Turn up their noses at *you* indeed! If they did, I should soon give them a quiet hint which would considerably alter their tone."

Lady Laura said a great deal more to her son, and he said a great deal more to her; but in spite of her advices, her remonstrances, and cutting speeches, he ended as he had begun, with a determination to excuse himself to Mr. Ford on the plea of business, and to start the next morning for London, where he said he should probably remain a week.

During the day Captain Verschoyle told his sister of his intended visit to London, assigning as a reason for his absence his anxiety about the missing boxes. Audrey only laughed and shook her head as she bade him put no trust in the saying, that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." "It may make it grow fonder of somebody else, Charlie," she went on, "but not of the one on whom you are just now trying the recipe."

"Mind your own business," returned her brother, "and keep your wisdom to help you to swallow your own pill; for I tell you, Audrey, that if I were you that old fellow would be a choker for me."

"My dear Charles, do you know that the domestic animals of our species, are by a wonderful provision of nature, gifted with a remarkable power by which they can get down the most unpleasant bolus, provided it be only well gilded?"

Then as soon as she had driven him off, and was alone, she said to herself, "Poor Charlie, he need not be in a great hurry now. I shall be of some service to him, I hope. How delightful to think of being able to be generous! Mr. Ford is a liberal man I see, and he is certainly very kind to me; and I"—here she sat thinking for some time until the luncheon bell disturbed

her, and she arose hurriedly, saying, "It's of no use; once for all let me remember that the thing is impossible. *Impossible*? Why, what folly will seize me next? Are we not two beggars with nothing but our hearts to call our own? If I do not take care," she added with a little bitter laugh, "even that small possession will not remain long in my keeping. How a woman might love him though! And I believe that he *has* never cared for any one before."

Surely Audrey could not have meant Mr. Ford in speaking thus to herself; for as she went down the stairs her last thought was, "I hope that when I am mistress here he will let me be very kind to him."

After luncheon Lady Laura took the opportunity of trying to find out from Mrs. Winterton how long she thought of remaining at Dynecourt. Hearing that her stay was likely to last for a fortnight longer, her spirits rose.

"To tell you the truth," she said, "I am asking on my dear boy's account. Those horrid people at the Horse-Guards will never let him alone, and he has to go there to-morrow on some business which may detain him for a week. Poor fellow! he is so dismal about it; and he is dreadfully anxious to be certain that he will find you here when he returns. I don't think I shall speak to you," continued her ladyship playfully to Miss Bingham who joined them; "I am so jealous. Here I find Charles low-spirited and dull because, as I think, he has to leave his foolishly fond mother for a week; but, dear me, I discover that I am nobody, and that all this anxiety is about somebody else, and whether she will be here when he returns."

Though Miss Bingham exclaimed, "Oh! Lady Laura, what *do* you mean?" she was evidently pleased, and quite forgot her vexation of a few hours before, which had been occasioned by Captain Verschoyle, without any comment or seeming regret, telling her that he was going to London for a week.

"Ah! you may well look guilty," continued Lady Laura, drawing the young lady's arm within her own; "and during his absence I shall make you console me by being my constant companion."

In spite of this manoeuvre, and notwithstanding that Lady Laura felt she had managed matters in the best possible manner, she was still extremely annoyed with her son; and when next morning he came to wish her "good-bye," she said that she was very unwell, that she had passed a sleepless night, and that her nerves were completely unstrung.

"Now don't look so dismal, mother," he said. "I daresay by the time I come back I shall be only too delighted to listen to your sage advice, and to act upon it."

Lady Laura closed her eyes, and feebly shook her head, intimating that it little mattered, for he would not have her long: she was not what she used to be before he went to the Crimea.

"Remember, Charles," she added, "I cannot stand anxiety now; and it is only my duty to tell you that Dr. Coulson says my life hangs upon the merest thread."

Still though she bade him good-bye with the air of one taking what was likely to prove a final adieu, she entrusted him with a note to her milliner, Madame Roget, telling him to impress upon Madame the urgency of these commissions being immediately attended to, so that the new bonnet and head-dress ordered might be ready by the following Friday, when he was to bring them down with him. After this she kissed him mournfully and sank back upon the sofa apparently exhausted. But, much to her son's astonishment, as he was slowly descending the stairs, thinking that he had behaved in a most unfeeling manner, he heard her calling in her usual voice—

"Charles, Charles, tell Madame Roget that if she has any doubt about tulle she is to put lace, but that I desire it may not be such an expensive one as the last she used."

"All right, mother," replied Captain Verschoyle, greatly relieved by this sudden change for the better; "I'll be sure to execute your commissions, and you shall have something scrumptious when I come back."

Having already said good-bye to the rest of the party, who were assembled in the dining-room, he drove past with a wave of the hand.

All the way up he had been thinking that perhaps he was, after all, setting off on a fool's errand. Miss Bingham had looked uncommonly pretty that morning, and she seemed quite sorry that he was going. It would be rather a sell if, while he was away, he should be cut out by Dyncourt, who hadn't any more than he had, and was therefore equally open to temptation.

"Well, what a dog-in-the-manger beast I am!" he said. "I don't want the girl myself—at least I am not quite certain whether I do want her or not—and so I don't wish any other fellow to have her while the doubt is on my mind. I should not do badly if I had her money, particularly if we were to be quartered at York

this winter. What would old Henry Egerton say to her, I wonder? I have a good mind to run down to Kilcoy, and have a talk with the old boy. I want to see him, and I know in his heart he wants to see me, though he'd die before he'd say so."

And as he drove to his hotel, for he had decided not to go to Egmont Street, he thought over the plan. The next two days in London with nothing to do, nobody to see, and nowhere to go, considerably told in Miss Bingham's favour. Captain Verschoyle came to the conclusion that having finished his ostensible business and arranged to go to the Paddington station for the missing boxes that evening, he might as well write to his mother and tell her that it was very probable he should return next day. He would not announce his intentions too decidedly, else her ladyship would fancy by his more speedy return that the business was to be settled to her satisfaction without delay. He had only got so far as to say that things must take their course—*che sarà sarà*. He half wished something would turn up to prevent him from returning before the day he had specified, but he could not stay in London longer—the place was unbearable.

When he reached Paddington the station was in all the bustle consequent on the arrival of the train from Plymouth. He therefore waited until most of the passengers had left, and then went on the platform to speak to the guard. He was standing looking for him when a porter, addressing some one near, said, "No, ma'am, there's no lady waiting on the other side."

"Perhaps we had better go on, then," returned a voice in answer. "Wilt thou get a cab for us, and direct the man to drive to the Shoreditch station?"

Captain Verschoyle turned quickly round and exclaimed,—

"Mrs. Fox, how glad I am to see you again! I hope you will permit me to be of any service to you that I can."

Patience held out her hand, saying, "Indeed, I am very glad to see thee, for I have so little knowledge of London that I feel quite bewildered to be alone. My daughter was to have met us, but I fear something unforeseen has happened, as she is not here."

"Your daughter!"

"Yes, Grace Hanbury, my married daughter. Oh! Dorothy is with me."

Immediately Captain Verschoyle was expressing his pleasure at meeting Miss Fox again.

"Did I hear you say you were going to Shoreditch?" he asked.

"Yes, my daughter lives at Fryston, on that line."

"Then you must allow me to see you safely to the station."

"Would it not be giving thee trouble?" said Patience.

"No, indeed, it would be giving me

great pleasure, so you will not refuse me."

"Thank thee," replied Patience; "in that case I will gladly accept thy offer, for Dorothy and I are but country folk, and, therefore, somewhat timid away from home in this large city."

CHINESE DISHES.—The Chinese method of bread-making is curious; the flour is mixed with water, and the dough rolled by hand, and then shaped with cones, which are placed on trays or stands made of split bamboo, and cooked in the steam arising from cast-iron boilers; of course such bread resembles our own but little, being a good deal like a steamed hard dumpling. Much of this bread is made of maize; but wheat bread is much preferred. Rice, however, is the common bread of China, and the Chinese know how to boil it, which is not often the case in Europe. This is cooked much in the same way as the bread, being first washed very carefully in several waters, then placed in bamboo baskets, and suspended in the steam; or it is boiled for about half an hour, and then put into a bamboo basket, and not served until nearly all the water has drained away; but in which ever way it is cooked, the grains are distinct, like the little fishes in well cooked whitebait. Pease-pudding is not a luxurious or very expensive dish; and the Chinese have what they call pea-cheese, which holds much the same rank; it is a very cheap and useful article of diet, prepared from oleaginous peas, which are also eaten as vegetables, and from which a rather expensive kind of oil is made. The making of this cheese, although a simple operation, requires considerable care; the peas are first steeped in water for twenty-four hours, and are then drained in a basket; they are then ground in a hand-mill composed of two hard stones, the upper having a hole in the centre through which the mill is fed, like a baby, with a spoon, the water in which they have previously been, being added from time to time, so that the peas leave the mill in the form of a thin paste, which is placed in a filter, and kept constantly agitated by hand; the filtered liquid is boiled very slowly in an iron vessel, and presently becomes covered with a thick scum; it is then turned into a wooden vessel to cool; and, after being stirred about for some time, a pellicle is formed, which is carefully taken off with a wooden ladle and then drained; and this is eaten either fresh or dried, and has somewhat the flavour of new cheese. This is not, however, the pea-cheese which is made from the liquid in the vat; but a small quantity of water containing plaster is added, and a few drops of concentrated solution of salt obtained from the saline marshes; the plaster has the effect of coagulating the caseine of the peas, and the whole mass,

after being slightly stirred, becomes solid. The cheese they produce is put in wooden frames about 15 in. square and 2 in. deep; and these are placed on a stone to drain, with a piece of linen of close texture below each frame; when sufficiently drained, the cheese is compressed, by means of pieces of wood loaded with weights, to about half its original thickness, and is then packed in boxes, and often sent great distances. The cheese will not in its natural state keep more than a day in hot weather; but is often salted and otherwise preserved, so as to keep good for years. A lump of it as big as a man's fist does not cost more than half a farthing. The poor Chinese also drink the liquid before it is coagulated, and the cheesemakers' shops are constantly filled with crowds of customers. Pea cheese forms one of the staple goods of the country, and is highly nutritious. When fried in oil or grease, like potatoes, it makes a very delicate dish. Dry pea-cheese contains about 24 per cent. of fatty, and 8 per cent. of azotized matter.

Food Journal.

GOOD TASTE IN RITUAL.—English people enjoy the reputation, remarks the *Church Review*, of having the keenest sense of the ridiculous of any nation under the sun. When a year or two ago the secular journals undertook to review the services at some of the most conspicuous ritualistic churches in London, it was remarkable to observe the almost entire absence of ridicule in the accounts they gave: much as they condemned the services, they admitted that they were at least impressive. At the present time, to over-do, and so to vulgarize, the ritual of our public services, we consider as, at least, the gravest mistake; the greatest care should be taken to keep within the limits of prudence and good taste. The objection of our countrymen to ritual is for the most part a mere unreasoning prejudice, and if we refrain from irritating it, if we are moderate in the amount of ritual adopted, and let the little we do adopt be thoroughly well and accurately done down to the smallest detail, and so keep it reverent and dignified, we have every hope that in time the prejudice will settle down, and in a generation or two Englishmen will be as heartily ritualistic as their brave and honest mediæval forefathers.

From The New Monthly Magazine.
SOUTH KENSINGTON, 1868.

We have a large company. We stand in the midst of friends who appeal to us so affectionately we do not know which way to turn. But

A merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite,
Upon the instant started from the throng,
Dressed in a fashion now forgotten quite;

and as it is John Wilkes — John Wilkes, of the "North Briton," and especially of No. 45 — we will speak, then, first to him.

John Wilkes, Byron painted you vastly well. You *are* merry. You have a queer, protruding, jeering, under-jaw. Your eyebrows fix one by their straight strangeness. Your eyes twinkle with (almost) malicious mirth and power. "Which," some one asked you one day — "which is the best mode of speaking at the bar of the House of Commons?" And you laughed out, "Be as impudent as you can, as merry as you can, and say whatever comes uppermost!" — and you look precisely as if you could do that to perfection. There was a pretty fuss made, too, John Wilkes, wasn't there, when you were to dine at Mr. Dilly's with Dr. Johnson? Bozzy, you know, was afraid the great man would refuse to meet you; but the great man had thundered out, stung as he perpetually was into a loud rejoinder, "What do you mean, sir? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table? If Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to *me*?" And so Busy-Bozzy did not in the least mind his "snabbing," but awaited the "much-expected Wednesday" with over-brimming glee. And then, John Wilkes, when the dinner was served, you know, you placed yourself next to Mr. Samuel Johnson, and did all you could to stroke down his huge round hide. "Pray give me leave, sir," you said, helping him to some fine veal. "A little of the brown, sir; it is better here; some fat, sir? a little of the stuffing; some gravy; let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter! A squeeze of orange; or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest!" All dead irony, John Wilkes! All with a laugh lurking in the folds of your shaven chin! You knew that Busy-Bozzy had been in a fever an hour before lest he should not have been able to get the big doctor to come at all. You knew that when he had at length conveyed him safely, he had muttered, "Too! too! too!" at finding who were the company, and had finally taken a book into a window-seat and sat down there, in

dignity, to read. And then, when you had won the great fellow into complacency at last, both he and you turned round upon poor B., and began to ridicule the Scotch! "Ha! ha! ha!" you laughed out, "the flight of Shakspeare's imagination in creating Birnam Wood in Scotland, where there never was a shrub!" And you asked, when B. B. boasted an advocate of the Scotch bar earned two thousand per annum, how so much money *could* be spent in Scotland? Upon which Johnson took up your roar, and cried, "Nay! if one man in Scotland gets two thousand pounds, what is there left for all the rest!" And you crowded out afresh, "To be sure! For when Thurot, in the last war, took seven complete Scotch isles, he only carried off *three-and-six-pence* plunder!" There can be no one in the company in the least sorry to see you, John Wilkes.

And who is this, not very far away, dressed in black silk gown and bands? He is not a bit of Wilkes's *genre*. He looks so little acute he may almost be described by the opposite adjective. And yet the two were closeted together often, and much hung to one upon the words that fell from the other's lips. It is John Dunning, Lord Ashburton, Wilkes's counsel when he was impeached; as great a lawyer as any of his time, and one who never showed his fine ability to more advantage than when engaged in his defence. "Mr. Dunning, the great lawyer, is one of our members," wrote Dr. Johnson proudly, of the Literary Club. "One is always willing to listen to Dr. Johnson," approved Dunning in return; the which being repeated to the Lexicographer by Bozzy, caused some big feathers to be plumed with delight. "Here, sir," ran Johnson's chuckle, "is a man willing to listen, to whom all the world is listening all the rest of the year!" And when Bozzy chattered of his own high aims and right-doing in telling one man of a handsome thing said of him by another, Johnson answered amiably, "Undoubtedly, it is right, sir!" — and undoubtedly it was, since a sage was pleased at it, and we may all smile for ever at the pleasing.

A noise of election cheering and enthusiastic huzzas fills the air merrily as the next guests arrive. When the crowd falls back a little so that their gracious faces may be seen, they prove to be two ladies — the beautiful Mrs. Bouverie, and the still more beautiful Mrs. Crewe. No wonder every hat in the land is off at the first sight of them! They are high-born, well-bred, and charming; and Mrs. Crewe, rivalling the Duchess of Devonshire, has been down to

Westminster to assist in bringing in Fox as member, and she has smiled the votes out of the butchers and bakers of that admirable locality, before they were aware of the object of her witchery. She has a banquet at her house in Lower Grosvenor-street, in commemoration of the joyful return, and George, Prince of Wales is one of her guests, and amidst loud acclamations and prodigious gaiety, His Royal Highness rises to propose a toast. He is only twenty-two years of age, and the flush upon his cheek has youth for the cause of it as well as wine, and every one looks upon his fine features rapturously. "True blue!" he gives out—that being the colour of his own party and of the successful member—and there is a hurrah! "True blue!" he gives out again, with his glass still higher in the air; and then, with the homage of the lowest bow to his near and lovely hostess, "True blue, and Mrs. Crewe!" Before the rattle of the glasses and the sound of the hot hurrahs have died away, the lady rises to her feet, and, with hand upreared, has a pretty imitation. "True blue, and all of you!" is her cry, and never did toast receive more honours, or wax-lights tremble with a more hilarious cry.

A large grey-eyebrowed man demands now a greeting. He wears a wide wig, a long big-buttoned coat, knee-breeches, ruffles, and buckled shoes. He walked out with Boswell to show Johnson some of the beauties of Edinburgh, on the third day of the southerner's arrival there, and he is a Scotch minister, and a sound historian, and his name is William Robertson, D. D. "Robertson was in a mighty romantic humour!" Johnson complained of him, when he had met him at Allan Ramsay's; "but," he exulted, "I downed him!" "Oh, oh!" he had cried, before ever being introduced, "Robertson and I shall do very well together, I warrant." And so they did, spite of the downing; and here they are promenading in Auld Reekie, and pointing with the famous thick oak-stick, as they stand under the shadow of coroneted old St. Giles. "Do you ever see Robertson?" Johnson asked of Boswell, after this. "Does the dog talk of me? Sir, I love Robertson, and I won't talk of his book!"—because he did not think so well of it as he would wish, and he did not like to blame.

There is a sharp volley of musket-shot silencing the buzz of pleasant chatter, and we see a fine man fall. He bleeds; the gold-lace and frills that deck him are staining—staining—with a trickle of his hot blood; and he is dead; and his own comrades were ordered to kill him, by the coun-

try he has served. He is John Byng, admiral; and he was told to drive the French from the island of Minorca, and he failed to do it; and failure is a crime when King and Lords and Commons are on tip-toe for successes, and it has been decreed that he is to die. Voltaire (from the France that is *not* beaten—and with a shrug that hides his pity), sneers when he hears of the execution. "*C'est pour encourager les autres!*" he says. And, as things are going, *les autres* need it! This poor dead *autre* is of a family of fifteen, eleven of whom are sons; and there must be many wet eyes and wrung hearts now his bronzed face lies pale and lifeless, and it is hidden by the earth of a dishonoured grave. "England expects every man to do his duty!" is rung out by a clear voice courageously; but this John Byng was unable to do what was expected of him, and so is useless, and is swept away, and we turn to another admiral who *can* do as he is desired, and from whom the brave words come.

We see a spare form now; a weary, anxious look; a small-topped head; a mouth that shuts up tightly, and forms with itself and chin the smallest part by far of a long thin face that, to be symmetrical, should be divided nearly into three. This man has no right arm, and his breast is covered with gold and jewelled stars. There is no need to call out his name, and announce him as Horatio Nelson. Every one here, and elsewhere, knows him; and every one knows, also, who it is that is so closely at his side. Emma Hart, Lady Hamilton—nursemaid, artists' model, beauty, ambassador's wife—spite of the black wrong it is to many, is near him now, as he and she longed for her to be for ever, and we see the neck she hung on, and the furrowed cheek she has so often kissed. She is so lovely, it is impossible to wonder that Nelson chose her. She is—simply and irresistibly—delicious. Her face laughs out beauty and love and joy altogether; her bright hair lies about it in soft loose waves; she has sweet child-like features; ripe lips, a thorough challenge for kissing; clear-arched brows, long eye-lashes, and cheeks the very tint of a sun-touched peach. She is *posée* now, it is true; that may make her look more winning. She has assumed one of those attitudes in which she exhibits herself for the entertainment of company (as some ladies sing a song, or gentlemen are prevailed upon to make a speech); and the Countesses Vere de Vere look coldly on her, and whisper to one another that as it was her *métier* to do this once, when she was the *mignon* of George Rom-

ney's studio, it is no wonder she is so skillful still. But she is not hindered by the taunt. Wisely enough, she knows there is no harm in having lent her beauty to be painted; possibly—and with what deep and poisonous remorse!—she thinks that if *that* were the only stain upon her, she could laugh in all these aristocratic faces, loudly and triumphantly indeed! But no reflex of this casts a blemish (or a glory!) on her loveliness. She is a Bacchante; wanton, sportive, brilliant, and caressing as a witch; and now she is a Magdalene, and all her smiles are gone, and her melting eyes are raised to heaven, and her lips quiver and are parted with a prayer. She is to die some day at white-cliffed Calais, neglected and wretchedly poor; has she a thought of this, now she has poems written in her honour, and she has this grave sailor sitting at her side? She might feel the shadow overhanging her; but if she does, she braves the death for the taste of this glad mirth and glitter; and she loves her maimed and helpless sailor; and he loves her; and his love strengthens for her debt helping; and—the end is what was threatened from the beginning.

Perdita!—Ah! Perdita, truly!—A loss, indeed! As good an epitaph to cut deeply over her as Traviata—one who has lost her way! And here comes she to whom the name was given; Mary Darby once, when she was scholar and *protégée* of Hannah More; Mary Robinson after, when she was actress, novelist, verse-writer, wife; Perdita for now and ever, since she has acted the “queen of curds and cream,” the “poor lowly maid most goddess-like prank’d up,” Florizel’s dearest and sweet Perdita, “the prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the green sward,” and since George, Prince of Wales, has seen her, and the Winter’s Tale thaws into one that has been for all time, and she is “even here undone,” and can “queen it no inch further,” but will “milk her ewes and weep.” She is, indeed, dainty and sweet-favoured. She has soft black eyes—no fire in them, but tender, sleepy, with long black lashes sweeping upon her cheeks, giving them deeper languor; she has clear-traced brows, as even and exact as if they had been marked out by a pencil; and she has a modest appealing look, that might spring to the memory of those who have cursed her with their caresses, and lead them to have pity for her when these supple limbs of hers are stiff and useless from rheumatics, and she is left, maimed and tortured so, to die. Poor beauty! Her glossy hair is turned back over a high cushion now; fine lace

hides her bosom; she has a gift of jewels on her; and her hands are warm and limber in the nest of a wide fur muff; but the threat of Polixenes—enchantment, as his eye-sight forced him to call her—

I’ll have thy beauty scratch’d with briars, and made

More homely than thy state,

is to be fulfilled, and death is at hand for her, “as cruel as she is tender,” without any need of his devising. Not far from her are Peg Woffington and Kitty Clive, and there is a solidity in their Bohemianism that makes the spirits rise again, after contact with the perils of a glittering and renowned court. “Clive, sir,” declares Johnson, “is a good thing to sit by! She always understands what you say!” And Kitty laughs out to her neighbour “I love to sit by Dr. Johnson; he always entertains me!” Mrs. Woffington comes from making tea for Dr. Johnson at Garrick’s lodgings, and though Johnson and she are guests, and before company a host should hold his tongue, David has launched out a grumble at her for making the tea too strong. “Peg!” he complained, “it is as red as blood!” But then the trio are poor together now, and Peg’s extravagance may not be passed by! Besides, Garrick’s supervision of his house-expenses shows he has a thought to the payment of them, and that sounds wholesome. It is not good, after this, to think of Peggy being struck with paralysis on the stage as she is acting, and dying of the disease after a long three years; but that is how the dart is hurled at her, and there is no turning the aim away.

Who is it arriving now? Lady Bolingbroke puts her face behind her fan and whispers, he is “un politique aux choux et aux raves,” and people titter; but Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi has the best tale to tell of him. She points to his light-blue, loose head-dress, and his environment of light-blue folds; she bids every one notice his hairless face, his delicate mournful features, his sharp clear eyes. His “Rape of the Lock,” is in her hand, and she tells how Arabella Fermor, “Belinda,” is made quite troublesome and conceited by his having written it, and his own caprices are so numerous they would employ as many as ten servants to satisfy them! She has just returned from a visit to Mademoiselle Fermor, Arabella’s niece, the prioress of the Austin nuns at La Fossée, so she knows all about it! Her report is, that this wee, infirm, irritable, lady-spoiling man sits dozing all day in idleness, and *makes his verses at night!*—keeping himself awake by drink-

ing coffee, which one of the maids goes sleepless to prepare for him, they taking it each in turn! Oh! Mr. Pope! How can you carry on such an inconsiderate manufactory! How can you be such an exacting Alexander! Why don't you think of the yawns, and "crawls," and shudders, in the kitchen, and go early to bed and be early to rise, like a respectable, steady, verse-making little gentleman? You yourself ask,

What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!

and

What can pay maids for Slumber's cheated hopes?

Alas! not piles of poems by piles of Popes!

So Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi thinks, at any rate; or else she would not be so vehement!

A double duchess sails in now. Two dukes—Hamilton and Argyll—besides all the world, are enamoured of her, and she wears one coronet after the other with all the serenity of her native Irish grace. She is charmingly impartial. She gives two little dukes to each ducal husband; in each case the younger boy succeeding to the title after the heir has reigned, and had no son, and died; and the face that has been her fortune has the oval regularity of a pure Madonna's, and is so lovely it is not surprising that all the world was mad after her when she was in her first bloom, and her name was Elizabeth Gunning. But there is something amounting almost to a bar sinister upon her. Stoop, and it shall be whispered out of the hearing of the mass of the company. *She snubbed Boswell!* It occurred anno domini 1773, on two red-letter days following. Johnson and his Boswell were returning from a certain tour to the Hebrides that they took in company, and night had brought them to an inn close under the walls of the Duke of Argyll's castle. Johnson was in an ecstasy. He called for a gill of whisky, that he might taste "what made Scotchmen happy," and after he had drank it, Boswell begged leave to drain the drop clinging to the glass into his own, that he might be able to boast how he and the great man had drank fermented liquor together! Fired with the inspiration of which fact, he proposed next day that he should go to the duke their neighbour, and make known that they were there. "After dinner, mind you!" bargained Johnson; "before will look like seeking an invitation." And after dinner, just when he had calculated the ladies would have left the table, Boswell started. Now, James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck, was perfectly well

aware that he was in bad odour with the Duchess of Argyll; he was going to intrude himself into her home, although he knew his company was disagreeable to her, and he was paid out for his bad manners. He found the duke over his wine, as he expected, and when his grace conducted him to the drawing-room to tea, and announced him by his name, the duchess, sitting amidst a bevy of grand ladies, rose not, and gave no bend, or bow, or salutation! She took no notice of him. She never raised her eyes. Did Boswell resent this insult (bad breeding as it was), and decline the invitation to accompany his great curiosity to dinner next afternoon? Not he. *He would* have been mortified, he wrote; only—he was consoled by the obliging attention of the duke! Of course. A duke (an amiable duke, so great a chieftain, so exalted a nobleman, as he dubbed him), would have consoled him for worse than this, and did, when next day there came off the second visit to the castle, and Johnson, welcomed ducally, was made much of by his hostess, and was seated at his host's side. Boswell was in fine spirits (this is his boast). He was not in the least disconcerted. It was quite right, he felt, to be unconcerned *if he could* (!). And he was determined her grace *should* speak to him, if he could make her. To effect this he offered her some of the dish that was before him, and though he knew it was not *en règle* to drink to anybody, yet, that he might have the satisfaction for once to look her in the face with a glass in his hand, he drank to her good health fulsomely, and when she passed it by in silence still, repeated his words loudly, and looked her steadily in the face.

"Mr. Boswell, madam," Dr. Johnson explained something to her, "has, you know, to attend the court of session."

And then her ire at last exploded.

"Mr. Boswell!" she cried. "I know nothing of Mr. Boswell!"

And Boswell was by, and bore it, and wrote it in a book, and published it, that those who knew him then might read it (her grace among the number), and that it might, untainted, be handed down! He! he! he! But three cheers for Elizabeth Gunning! And if she could be a widow a second time, and be thrice duchessed, she would be worthy of the honour.

"Lanky," sounds not inharmoniously in such company, and directly the name is called the owner of it comes. "The earth does not bear a worthier name than Bennet Langton," Johnson declared feelingly. "I know not who will go to heaven if Langton does not." And he shortened his patronym-

ic into Lanky because it described his unusual stature, and because he was wishful to give him an earnest of his deep-set regard. Langton knew Johnson thirty years. It was he who went with Topham Beauclerk to knock him up out of his sleep, when he popped his head out of the window, and cried, "What! is it you, you dogs? I'll have a frisk with you." And it was he who was with Johnson when he was dying, and when he took his hand and whispered tenderly, "Te teneam moriens deficiente manu." He looks such a lovable man—shaven, of course—pale, brown-eyed, mild; but as dignified as a fine mind, and generosity, and large possessions can make him, and as true and reliable as if he were formed of thrice-tempered steel. His wife, the Countess of Rothes, is beside him. She is the graceful and gracious lady whose mother had two husbands, one a plain Mr. and the other an earl, and who herself has had two husbands, the one a plain Mr. and the other an earl, too (some things are hereditary, we know, and pray, why not this?) "Lady Rothes," Johnson writes of her, playfully, to Bennet Langton, "has, I find, disappointed herself and you. Ladies will have these tricks. The queen and Mrs. Thrale, both ladies of experience, yet both missed their reckoning this summer. I hope a few months will recompense your uneasiness." So many children, indeed, are born in time to Lanky, that, as one part of provision for his household, he rides off one day to Nottingham fair, and buys fifteen tons of cheese! Johnson opens his eyes, and sets to work calculating instantly. At an ounce a-piece, he says, such a quantity will suffice after dinner for four hundred and eighty thousand men! Nothing is too trivial to interest the big heart of Johnson in the affairs of his good friend Langton. It is Jane, one of the little folks who are to nibble relishingly into this column of cheese, who is Johnson's god-daughter. Johnson calls her his own little Jenny, and a pretty, airy, and lively miss; and he writes to her in a large round hand, that she may have the satisfaction of reading his letter herself, and tells her above all things through life to read her Bible and carefully say her prayers. It is a pity that Bennet has not brought this epistolary pleasantry with him, that we may look over his high shoulder and give it another read.

Here are father, son, and grandson being ushered in now. It is not usual to see three generations at one assembly, and they make quite a stir. They are a trio of Tytlers; William, Alexander, and Patrick; Scotch lawyers all, and the middle of them

a judge, and created Lord Woodhouselee. "Reverend defender of beauteous Stuart," Burns says (with a strong Scotch brogue), when he writes a poem on the first of them; and Johnson reviews the book that calls this forth in a 1760 number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It is a "Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots," and it is acute and able, Johnson says, and he is glad, when he is at Edinburgh, to accept an invitation to the author's house to supper. Mr. Tytler has no cause to complain of an uninteresting evening. James Boswell, Esq. entertains the company and him uproariously. He relates how he once went with Dr. Blair to the pit of Drury Lane, and how, as a delicate entr'acte, he obliged the audience by imitating the lowing of a cow! "Encore! encore!" was the lusty cry from the galleries; "and in the pride of my heart," says Boswell, "I attempted imitations of other animals;" but he records, this evening, that he failed, and that his reverend friend of the sermons said gravely to him, "My dear sir, I would confine myself to the cow!" And now, when the room is in convulsions at the wise narrator, Johnson pulls him up about some fresh absurdity he is committing, and orders him if he can't talk to bellow! and it is a long time before there is an end to the brisk Ha! ha! ha!

O that those lips had language!

is uttered in a low voice close at hand.

Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"

And there is a sigh, and a melancholy pacing of slow feet, and Cowper comes with the very miniature in his hand that points his present and past life to him, and that forces him to the emission of his sad words. It is a charming face on which he gazes. It is fair, and young, and round, and smooth, with its own hair brushed simply back from it, and hanging in a long curl or two behind. The shoulders under this face of Anne Donne are bare; there is a jewel upon her bosom; her dress is blue, with faint yellow trimming round it, and an edge to this of lace, whose device is as clearly painted as if it had been for a pattern, and as if taper fingers, like those that lay amongst it, were to be occupied with its imitation. And is Cowper himself like his mother? Do his cheeks, on which her "own hand bestowed fragrant waters till fresh they shone and glow'd," bear any resemblance to those we see of hers? No;

not a particle; not any. His skin is red and withered—almost purple; it is stretched tight upon a long thin face, and is mercilessly shaved. His head is bound round with a hard linen cloth, or turban-cap; his eyes are strained and wistful, as if tears had been falling from them, and there were no hope they should be filled with ecstasy in their place. And yet he is gayer, gladder, than he is at times. He says to Romney the painter (through whose medium we see him, and “whose strokes ought Time never to efface,” and “who paints the mind’s impressions upon every face”):

But this I mark; that symptoms none of woe

In thy incomparable work appear;

Well—I am satisfied it should be so,

Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear;
For in my looks what sorrow couldst thou see,
When I was Hayley’s guest, and sat to thee?”

Poor Cowper! Since Earham comforted him, we wish he had visited it a little oftener. Then yet more of his lamentations might have been smoothed away; and we should have further confessions like

Vociferated logic kills me quite,

A noisy man is always in the right;

I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,

Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare;

and that would have been pleasant.

Handsome Hayley, “For ever feeble, and for ever tame,” as Byron hisses out in that wonderful “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” bustles in not far after his friend. (“O! for permission from the skies to share with thee a partnership in literary ware!” writes Cowper, and *seriously!*) And near him sidles Anna Seward, in a white dress and indescribable hair, who also believes in Hayley (and herself) so thoroughly; and round them is a cluster of familiar folk “who have answered ‘Adsum’ when their name is called,” and to whom it is pleasant to hold out a hand. One of them is Joseph Priestley, about whom Johnson asks, in a stern manner, and with knitted brows, “Why do we hear so much of Dr. Priestley?” Another is “Pope in worsted stockings”—i. e., of course, Crabbe—with his beautiful, calm, expansive face. A third is Daines Barrington, in his lawyer’s crimson gown and bands, the immortal (and exceedingly handsome) he who proposed Boswell for the Literary Club, since Johnson, as is never likely to be forgotten (by Boswell!), invents a new word for his description, and calls him *clubbable*. A fourth is Sandford and Merton Thomas Day, who has taken two founding girls (new-named Lucretia and Sabrina) to model into his own notion of mind and manners, and who uses

his wife so madly, and insists that animals are rational, and—with fine poetic justice—gets kicked to death eventually by the hoofs of a favourite foal. A fifth is George Dempster, M. P., whose sister laughingly undertook to teach Johnson knotting, and who heard the doctor discourse so honeyedly, while his huge fingers made tangles of his pins and cotton, he cried out in a rapture: “One had better be palsied at eighteen than not keep such a great man’s company!” And then there follow the Swiss George Michael Moser and his daughter, both Royal Academicians, and he first elected keeper, and the kind-hearted man who admits Samuel Patterson, Johnson’s godson, among the students, when the great man writes and earnestly beseeches him. And James Quin, in a fine gold-laced coat, refusing Gay to act Macheath in his “Beggars’ Opera,” because he has such a low opinion of the part. And the Irish actor Moody, who is being persuaded by Topham Beauclerk that he has been insulted mortally. The two have been dining at Tom Davies’s, and the host has laid his hand encouragingly on Moody’s back. “I can conceive nothing more humiliating,” cries Beauclerk, “than to be clapped on the back by Tom Davies!” for he sees the Irishman is wincing under the recollection of it, and possibly he likes a spice of fun. And bringing up the rear are Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, just landed from a second voyage round the world with Captain Cook: the which trip Johnson had been half inclined to undertake with them, and had only given up because of his short-sighted eyes. “It was not worth while, he said, ‘to go to see fish swim which I should *not* have seen swim, nor to go and see fish fly which I should *not* have seen fly.’” Nor was it. But he petted a goat that was fortunate enough to survive the double circumnavigation, and wrote a Latin motto for it; and he was so interested in the strange animal, the kangaroo, the voyagers had lighted on, that he imitated its hop and jump to some friends in Scotland, and set them all off into a roar. He would not allow, though, that Dr. Solander was a Laplander. “Sir, I don’t believe it!” he declared. “Laplanders are not much above four feet high, and he is as tall as you! Besides, he has not the copper colour!” And so, of course, Solander must be of any nation Johnson likes to settle it, and something else calls out a burst of laughter (taking care, however, that Johnson does not hear it), besides the imitations of the gambols of a great human kangaroo.

It is hard to tell who is the guest next

advancing. He is plump and jocund, rosy, well favoured, double chinmed. He wears a long, loose-pulled, fleecy, flaxen wig; a drab square coat; a fine cambric neck-tie, with point-lace ends. If Cowper did not rise and whisper,

Ten thousand sit
Patiently present at a sacred song
Commemoration-mad; content to hear
Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake,

there would be much longer hesitation. For who, accustomed by Mr. Roubiliac to see a head wrapped in a straggling sort of untidy-looking *bonnet-de-nuit*, would recognize the true flesh-colour under a frizzettish wig? But there is no mistaking Herr Georg Friedrich now; and when Cowper whispers again,

Remember Handel? Who, that was not born
Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets
Or can, the more than Homer of his age?

he brings a thought present to the mind on which we will just linger. He likens the musician to the grave Homer. We wonder whether Handel—*ärmer, lieber Handel!*—ever read that the great Greek had a deep affliction sent him, and was stricken blind! We wonder whether, when his own eyes were sightless, and he stretched forth his hands to feel his way, he ever thought of the fine "Samson" he had composed, and broke out into the soliloquies he joined to tune for him! "O loss of sight!" are the words he inlaid with melody;

O worse than beggary, old age, or chains!
Total eclipse! no sun, no moon!
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!
O glorious light! no cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day!
Why thus depriv'd thy prime decree?
Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me!

And did he come to hear painful meaning in these that the notes had never had before? And, if he did, we wonder whether it ever came to him also that he, John Milton, whose words had inspired his harmony, had been over-shadowed by the same calamity, and had held out his hand for help, blind too? If the one craved for sight, so had craved the other. The twin-creators of double song, now everlastingly allied, the strength and sorrow they both depicted were the strength and sorrow of the two; the sad shroud it was the choice of both to image, was the shroud doomed to fall on each alike. Each, too, pictured a Delilah; drawing nearer, and singing inspiringly,

Life is not lost; though lost your sight,
Let other senses taste delight!

And each had the Delilahs that were their own giant souls, and they were roused to labour on, unhindered, undismayed, as brightly as if the skies of heaven were still visible to them, and they had not to grope their way through thick unyielding night.

Bring the laurels, bring the bays,
Strew his hearse, and strew the ways!

What better words than these they both sung, can be the death-music sounding about them now?

A letter of self-introduction is presented by a mere lad at this moment. "I am now only at the age of seventeen," the letter says (it sold the other day for six guineas), and there are some lines accompanying it, beginning "Be hush'd, be hush'd, ye bitter winds!" put in as a taste of the young writer's quality. Looking from the thin hand that gives this letter to the face that is so anxious over it, we see a fair smooth skin, a prominent bird-like nose, a full blue eye, a fine-cut mouth and chin, as clear and pure as if they were a girl's; the whole surmounted by over-hanging, wavy, pale-brown hair. The young man wears a dainty shirt-frill, standing out fan-like from the heavy breast-piece and collars of a close cloth coat; he wears, wound and wound about his neck, a muslin handkerchief, as spotless in its whiteness as the fresh-fallen snow; and when we look to the signature of his letter, we see there is written there Henry Kirke White.

Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When science 'self destroyed her favourite son!

And yes, poor young Nottingham butcher's child and lawyer's clerk, yours is another of the noble hearts indeed! In you there are none of the semi-dissoluteness and conscious affectation some talented youths assume; you labour on; striving at your goal; hiding all your fainting hours and self-denyings, because your family are poor, and you will not worry them with the thought that they cannot give you needful help. You are a stern economist, young and genius-pressed as you are. You confide to your mother from Cambridge, "I think I must get sugar from London; for if I buy it here it will cost me one-and-sixpence per pound, which is rather too much." But most likely you go without the sugar. You go without many another sweet that would make your cup last out much longer; and then, as Byron again writes of you,

'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.

As we look again at the face of Henry Kirke White, we hope the memory of it will cling tightly to us. Surely, thinking of him will do us good.

There is no chair at hand, quickly, for the lady whose presence is upon us now. "Madam," says Dr. Johnson to her, in echo of what he smiled when she called upon him at his own chambers, "you who so often occasion a want of seats to others, will the more readily excuse the want of one yourself!" And the lady, who is Sarah Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, is very tall and stately, but *bien gracieuse* and takes the place that is deferentially made for her, with a lofty air. She talks, when she is questioned, of the *rôle* she thinks best suited to her, and when she decides for Queen Catherine, Johnson tells her she is right, and cries, "When you next perform it, madam, I will myself once more hobble out to the theatre to see!" "Neither praise nor money seem to have depraved her," Johnson tells Mrs. Thrale; but when refreshments are brought round she makes us laugh. She says tragically, but quite unconsciously — use having become her second nature — "I asked for water, boy; you brought me beer!" just as if it were a line out of some weak Shakspeare, and she must knit her brows to give it point!

Closely after Mrs. Siddons, follow David Garrick and his merry little Viennese wife. She is in white satin, with cushioned hair, and as many strings of pearls twined in it and on her neck and wrists as Garrick's love and improving fortune can afford to put there; but he is in a stage dress, and is "Mackbeth" (as the "Rambler" spells it), and cries,

—Come, thick night!

And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heav'n's peep through the blanket of the
dark,
To cry Hold! Hold!

And the "Rambler," pointing, not at the actor, but at the poet, criticises. Mackbeth, he says, weakens his diction "by the name of an instrument used by butchers and cooks in the meanest employments," so that "connecting, as we do, a knife with sordid offices, we feel aversion rather than terror!" Mackbeth, too, is guilty of the "utmost extravagance of determined wickedness, when he does not wish his knife to see the deed it does;" and the "Rambler" can scarcely check his risibility at the next line, for "who, without some relaxation of his gravity, can hear of the avenger of guilt *peeping through a blanket!*" Oh! John-

son! Oh! you great wide Samuel! If this is how you picked Mr. William Shakspeare to pieces to little Davy, the wonder is he ever performed him at all! But, perhaps, it was that little Davy was so used himself to get picked to pieces, he knew the value of it! His besetting sin was, according to Sir John Hill — apothecary, botanist, writer — that he did not use the vowels I and U properly — that he put one, in short, where he ought to put the other. Garrick replied to this complaint,

If it is, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the
better;

May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen.
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their
due,

And that I may be never mistaken for U!

And whilst we look at him, the witticism is buzzed from lip to lip amusedly, and there is many a smiling face hid behind an outspread fan.

No one laughs more heartily at this, and at every other subject tickling her bright brain, than Mary Monckton, Countess of Cork. She comes — made way for by the pleased crowd — with her face so perfectly beaming with good-humour and vivacity, it makes itself a mark for every one at once. No one can overlook her. She quizzes, enjoys, rollicks, eighty years old as she is; and as every lion presses to her to obtain the cordon d'honneur of a moment's notice and a flash of comically-malicious chat, she looks as attractive and as savoury as a new-made bride. She is in bridal white satin, too, with a high blonde cap, and many sparkling jewels (not a particle brighter than her eyes, though!); and she sits upright in her chair, and sees and hears everything, letting no sound or incident pass by. "Surely," she says to Dr. Johnson (only this is half a century ago), "surely Dr. Sterne's writings are *sometimes* pathetic! Why, some of them have even affected *me!*" And Johnson answers, rolling himself about and laughing, "That, dearest, is because you are a dunce!" For he loves her, as his own word is for his queer attachments, and he calls her any name that comes uppermost. She is a little wounded after this, and pouts; but Johnson appeases her by saying what is the pretty truth — that she may be sure he does not think her duncish, or he certainly would not tell her so.

Other ladies are in the wake of this lively countess. The first is Amelie Alderson, Mrs. Opie. She is young and pretty and plaintive, and she is singing her song,

"Don't forget thy poor Hindoo!" and yet is paying all attention to her brisk and bustling painter-husband, the earnest man who, when he was asked how he mixed his colours, cried out "With my brains!" The second is Hannah More. She is dining at Widow Garrick's, and is hiding her laughing face behind the tack of a lady sitting on the same settee, because Johnson has uttered an unconscious equivocal, and it has made everybody titter, and himself in a solemn rage. The third is Sarah Kirby, Mrs. Trimmer. She looks beautiful; she has silver hair, a rosy face, and clear brown eyes; and her muslin-kerchiefed bosom is so neat and matronly, many more than the dozen children she gave birth to might be nestled there, and find it sweet consolation. Not far from her (being the fourth lady on the list) is her Majesty Queen Caroline. Cobbett has just dedicated his "English Grammar" to her (there he is! see! reckoning up one hundred and sixty-nine and a doubtful one, of the two hundred grammatical errors he is detecting in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"), and he has told her she "is the only one amongst all the royal personages of the age who has justly estimated the value of the people." He says more. He entreats her not to be uneasy at the sayings of her enemies, for they have "an absence of knowledge, a poverty of genius, a feebleness of intellect, which nothing but a constant association with malevolence and perfidy could prevent from being ascribed to dotage or idiocy." The fifth lady, immediately next Her Most Gracious Majesty, is Fanny Burney, Madame D'Arblay. She wears her wide hat, her winning smile, and has quiet crossed hands; but she uncrosses these hastily, when the poor king, her master, sees her walking in Windsor Park, and sets to running after her; she runs then, and the physicians run after him, and there is a whole set of runners, through the trees and across the glades, till she is come up with, and the king embraces her, and after a chat on things that have been his habit, finds his poor madness that much relieved, and the physicians assure her there is no occasion to be afraid. The sixth lady is Mary Russell Mitford. She is writing, "Sweet is the balmy evening hour;" and she looks as if *her* evening were balmy, and its hour sweet too. Sydney Owenson, Lady Morgan, is within a few seats of her. She is very jewelled and belaced and modish, and is being quizzed by Lord Byron unmercifully; he is beseeching her "when next she borrows an Athenian heroine for her *four* volumes," (we have sunk to *three* now, happily! and may hail

the day when we are narrowed into two), "to have the goodness to marry her to somebody more of a gentleman than a Disdar Aga." Then come Ann and Jane Taylor, of "Who fed me on her gentle breast," and other tender infant rhymings. They are tiny girls yet themselves, in white muslin frocks and pink sashes, playing with parents and baby and little brothers in the parsonage garden, and learning there, surely, the loving ways and sympathy that will make them afterwards feel kindly to young children, and bend their thoughts to enrich their minds. And then the only very prominent figure among the group is Elizabeth Vassall, Lady Holland, in a vast upright black velvet bonnet, a strip of a bright-hued scarf, barrel curls, and a sleek black satin dress. She is the very *My Lady* who, the English Bard says, to help the Scotch Reviewers,

skims the cream of each critique,
Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
Reforms each error, and refines the whole;

and she has such a bevy of wits and poets and politicians round her—all fresh arrivals, and all eagerly pressing in—we ought to take breath before presenting ourselves to be introduced.

It is a hard matter, though, to keep away. Amid such a goodly throng, it is impossible, indeed, to withhold a greeting. One of the visitors chatters out something about "the sheep-bells' tinkling tattle," and small "runnels' gurgling rattle," and we know it is Horace Smith, of the "Rejected Addresses," and as he is a wag, we must pass a jest with him. Another exclaims, "Oh dear! in this heat one would like to take off one's flesh, and sit in one's bones!" and seeing a fine man with plenty of flesh to make a riddance of, we recognize another Smith, Sydney, and cannot decline being roused up to a laugh. Somebody else cries, "Mind, whom you are touching, man!" and he hiccoughs, "Lift me gently!" for he is in the gutter, "know, man, that I am *Wilberforce*!" and as it is poor dunned Richard Brinsley Sheridan, with wit thus sparkling in the debasement of intoxication, our restoration is complete, and we go on again with spirit and strength renewed. We give a hand to Wordsworth, breaking through his pensiveness to cry,

Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks
Why all this toil and trouble?
Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or, surely, you'll grow double!

We sit for a moment by the side of a lame man, of rustic aspect and with a small

grave head; he says (seasoned with a Scotch accent, enough for palatable salting), "The only thing in nature I cannot understand is, why dogs twirl themselves round three times before lying down," and we whisper, "Sir Walter Scott" to the friend upon our arm, and pass impressed on. We come then to Rogers, "melodious Rogers," with his wide, bald forehead, and stooping, attentive gait; we see, carving at the decorations in his dining-room, Francis Chantrey, journeyman, a guest there afterwards, under the very scrolls and flowers upon which he is at work, and pointing out to his convives the works of his skilful hand. We welcome Porson (with his shaven, Napoleonic chin), and we share the start that comes when he utters his stinging prophecy, "Joan of Arc and Thalaba will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten — but not till then!" And we welcome, also, Fowell Buxton, called Elephant Buxton, because he is a giant of six feet four inches high, and we applaud when he cries out heartily (being a brewer at his Uncle Hanbury's, as well as a great warm philanthropist), "I can brew one hour, do mathematics the next, and shoot the next, and each with my whole soul!" And then our hilarity dies out a little when we come to the quiet, old-world Lambs — Charles and Mary — dark and graceless and almost all gloom; she with a large-frilled heavy cap, and a straight-pinned woolen shawl, offering no outward beauty as compensation to her brother for the devotion that has been hers since the fatal tragedy, and that has never ceased. Near to the Lambs are three physicians — Baillie, Astley Cooper, and Abernethy. They are smooth, and sober, and serious, all; for they are listening to the maladies of the company, and feeling their pulses, and looking at their tongues, and they know why one is bilious, and another choleric, and what mad freaks of diet have upset all the rest; but in private they will lash out their learned opinions of their profession in their own characteristic way. Baillie says, and he says it with a sigh, as he turns uneasily on his sick bed, "I wish I could be sure that I have not killed more than I have cured!" Sir Astley Cooper declares, "The science of medicine is founded on conjecture, and improved by murder;" and John Abernethy blurts dryly, for he knows there is something funny coming, "There has been a great increase of medical men of late years, but upon my life, diseases have increased in proportion!" And Abernethy visits one of the governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital to ask for his vote to elect him surgeon. It is supposed that

he ought to be very slavish, and to go right down upon his knees, and the governor (being a rich grocer, and priding himself upon his grand gruffness), says, pompously, "I presume, sir — I presume you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life?" And Abernethy looks for a moment — just long enough for him to conceive the manœuvre — and cries out, "No, I don't; I want a pen'north of figs! Look sharp! Wrap them up, I must be off!" And loses his vote, but gets elected all the same, and retains his bright and bold independence.

There is pressing forward now a lad of seventeen, breathless, fierce, unhappy, excited, for he has run away from school at half-past three of a July morning with an English poet in one pocket, and Euripides in the other; and he reads an English newspaper off into Greek fluently, and he is Thomas de Quincy, and he will be homeless in London, hungry, and in agony, sleeping at nights with a forlorn girl of ten, in an empty house, amidst the scampering of rats. Following him comes a weak-faced, bald-headed man, very short in the mouth and chin, writing mournfully in his diary, "Here began debt and obligation, out of which I have never been, and never shall be, extricated as long as I live." It is Benjamin Robert Haydon, and what he sets down is true; there is no lightening of his distress and humiliation till he bring Death to end them with his own hand. Then there arrives Coleridge, saying:

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright,
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And more than one among the company whisper that a fiend has come to visit *him*, and that, like his own conception, it is only beautiful as long as he can thrust it back and keep it from seizing him beyond his own control. And then there is a renewed burst of merriment, and the next visitors are being talked of in a very different strain. Byron is the spokesman. He cries:

Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless bullet met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?

and bowing in Francis Jeffrey — aware, upright, keen, kind — he proposes

Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife!

He calls out, Moore! Harmonious favourite of the Nine! the critic's Little adversary and he laughs:

Though myself may be the next,
By critic sarcasm to be vexed,
I really will not fight them!

and Tom, pert and spruce and very aspiring, appears on the bridge with him at Venice, and begins of the stars and waters and pale, placid moon. Byron stops him. "— it, Moore!" he cries, "don't be poetical!" and Moore comes in with a grin instead of a wrapt glance at heaven, and is just as happy as if it had been the other way. Byron resumes his rôle:

Come forth, oh Campbell! give thy talents scope,
Who dares aspire, if thou must cease to hope?

and the Scotch minstrel, entering, thanks him for saying Camel instead of Campbell, because that is how it is sounded the north side of the Tweed, and it is pleasant to his ears. Byron cries:

Why slumbers Gifford? . . .
Arouse thee, Gifford! Be thy promise claim'd!
Make bad man better, or at least ashamed!

and Gifford, coming straight from Hatchard's shop in Piccadilly (then Wright's), turns his nice face to us — for nice it is, although it is thrown back a little, and is full about the neck, as if he were in the sulks — and apologizes for coming to us a little bit perturbed. He was standing in the shop, he says, when suddenly Wolcot (Peter Pindar) aimed a cudgel at his head for a lampoon, and it would have hit him if a bystander had not stepped in promptly; and, Gifford adds, his dress is in the disorder that we see, because he and the gentleman have just been rolling the assailant in the mud! The next person Byron introduces is Southey. He says:

The varlet was not an ill-favoured knave;

A good deal like a vulture in the face,
With a hook-nose, and a hawk's eye, which
gave

A swart and sharper-looking sort of grace
To his whole aspect;

and he calls him an "arrogant scribbler-of-all-work," and mutters "whips," and brand-

ing-irons," and "gibbets," as he reads a recent publication of the laureate's, in which his name is mentioned with anything but praise. Byron is greatly disconcerted, but he goes on with his work. He brings forward, with a line or epithet for each, Canning, Sotheby, Dibdin, Hook, Montgomery, Strangford, Hallam, Hoare, and with more kindly mention, Leigh Hunt, Colman, Shelley, Keats; and then he points to John Murray and Thomas Norton Longman, calmly looking at the whole. They seem suave, deliberate (Mr. Murray has, even at this moment, some MSS. in his hand); and it is odd to think how much depends on their decision, and how many of their fellow-company, who are now calmly sitting with them, have trembled often under their sharp but kindly scrutiny, because on them their sale or their suppression depends.

Other forms and faces yet stand from the crowd distinct. Some belong to the fading past; others are so near the present the echo of their voices is still about us, and we cannot mention their names lightly, knowing there is no hearing them any more. We look at all; at Gray, Grattan, Reynolds, Burke, Godwin; at Lockhart, Wilson, Bentham, Hazlitt, Hogg; at Talfourd, Hood, Praed, Macaulay; and at Leech, and Thackeray, and Prince Consort, and Mrs. Brown-ing, and Charlotte Brontë: and we are forced to turn away. Are they *all* dead! is our cry. *Must* Death be the certificate they cannot be without before they can get admission here? And we know it is. We know their grouping has been no reality; has only been a semblance of the life that can never more return! It is over; it is done. But as the light that has shown them to us fades out, as the gallery is cleared, as the blinds are drawn, as the last foot lingers, and the last look is turned reluctantly away, we think there might be a record of their meeting, and it stands here now. They have been re-scattered once more, some time; they have been re-sent hither, thither, wide and near; but this in memory of their gathering — this as witness that it has really taken place. Good-bye to our pleasant guests. Good-bye to them one and all.

On the 12th of March, the *Hougli*, one of the largest of the packet-boats belonging to the Messageries Impériales, of 2,000 tons burden and 500 horse power, entered the quarantine port of Frioul direct from the China seas, hav-

ing traversed the Suez Canal without encountering the slightest obstacle. The cargo consisted of 1,300 bales of silk, 300 chests of tea, and other valuable freight, and there were in addition seventy passengers.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A CHINESE COMMISSIONER'S FOREIGN
TOUR.

In the spring of 1866 the Chinese Ministry of Foreign Affairs gave permission to one of the writers connected with that department to accompany the principal foreign employes in their service on a tour through Europe, with instructions to report upon the condition and aspect of the various countries he should visit. Pin-ch'un, the person thus selected, was a man advanced in years, but having been employed as a writer in the Foreign Inspectorate of Customs, he was less apprehensive of the dangers arising from travel and from unrestricted intercourse with Europeans than the majority of his lettered countrymen. The interest which was manifested by fashionable society in London and Paris during the summer of 1866, on the appearance of the pig-tailed commissioner and his suite, will be remembered by many of the readers of these pages.

Pin-ch'un returned, and presented his report to the Chinese Foreign Office, by whom his exertions were rewarded, it is understood, with a post of some kind in connection with the school of languages. His report has not been made public, and the diary of his travels, in which his experiences were recorded from day to day, has been allowed to circulate in manuscript only. A translation of some portions of this record is now laid before the public. It has been faithfully rendered from the original Chinese, and may be found interesting, if only as a quaint representation of familiar sights and scenes regarded from the point of view of a stranger from the farthest and darkest extremity of Asia.

On the 22nd of February, 1866 (the eighth day of the first moon in the Chinese year), I, Pin-ch'un, Assistant Head-clerk in the Board of Foreign Affairs at Peking, bearing by honorary licence the button of the third official degree, received instructions from the Board of Foreign Affairs, notifying that I had been honoured by imperial commands to travel in the countries of the West, and enjoining that I should compile an accurate record concerning the lands I should visit, and prepare maps (or drawings) with explanatory notes upon the natural features of the same, their condition, climate, and national usages, and bring back the said documents to China, to be put in print for future reference.

13th. Engaged passage on board the *Ying-tsze-fai*, which sails to-morrow.

15th. Got under way at daybreak. Forty-LIVING AGE. VOL. XVII. 765

two *li** brought us to Taku, where the forts, on either side of the river, present an imposing appearance, as befits the gateway of the Northern Sea. Passed Taku about eight o'clock, but the bar just below proved an impediment to further progress. The steamer was compelled to wait for high water at 1 P.M., when we were at length able to proceed. The foreigners used an iron weight for ascertaining the depth of water; and in little more than an hour there were eighteen or nineteen feet at the top of the tide, thus enabling us to go on without farther impediment.

17th. In the afternoon the wind increased to a gale, and we were much tossed about. Half of those on board were sick. Towards night the wind still further increased, and the rolling and pitching grew worse.

18th. The wind gradually fell. Went up into the pilot-house, and took a view around the entire horizon—one vast expanse of sea and sky, a waste of billows without limit in any direction. Many miles off there was a faint thread of smoke to be seen, about two or three inches long. This was pronounced by the captain, after looking at it through a telescope, to be a three-masted steamer. From Taku to this point we have traversed 2,000 *li* of water, and have seen but this one vessel—a proof that it is no light matter to navigate the seas! At 6 P.M. the wind ceased, and we caught sight for the first time of the new moon. In the evening a fog came on, and the vessel was hoisted to. From Yen-tai to this point we have made 1,500 *li*.

19th. Shortly before 6 A.M. the fog lifted; whereupon the anchor was got up, and we proceeded on our way. At 8 A.M. passed Sha-wei Island, and here shifted our course to N.W.† About ten o'clock sighted the entrance to Wusung. From Sha-wei Island to the entrance it is 240 *li*, the whole of which distance lies within the waters of the Yang-tze-kiang.

A distance of forty *li* from the entrance (at Wusung) brought us to Shanghai. Both banks of the river Hwang-p'u are lined with foreign houses, densely packed together; whilst the view presented by the concourse of sailing-ships and steamers of all sizes is that of an actual forest. The place may well be called the grand emporium for the foreigners of all the seventeen countries of the West.

23rd. A beautiful day. At 1 P.M. went

* The Chinese *li* is usually reckoned as one-third of a mile.—*Trans.*

† This is the point where the Yang-tze-kiang falls into the sea.

on board the French steamer *Labourdonnais*. This vessel is 276 feet long, 30 feet beam, and 18 feet deep. Her capacity is 2,000 tons, of which space her machinery occupies the greater part, taking up 1,200 tons, which leaves only 800 tons for cargo. She carries a captain and 11 officers, 30 seamen, 40 engineers and firemen, 15 stewards, and 6 cooks, making in all 103 persons. There are 40 cabins on board, each accommodating 3 or 4 passengers. The dining-saloon is abaft the mainmast, where a dining-table 60 or 70 feet in length is arranged, giving room for 30 or 40 persons. The utensils of every kind are kept in the highest condition of neatness and cleanliness. Abundance and elegance characterize the service of meals: the dishes are all in the foreign style of cookery, but the majority are highly palatable. After dark the saloon is brilliantly lighted up. There are 15 cabins on either side, and in each cabin two glass lamps are inserted, beside a large toilet-glass, in which the lights are gorgeously reflected. Entering this apartment, one is dazzled with the radiance, and bewildered as though lost in a palatial maze.

Forward of the mainmast are the engine-room and the gallery, with a long passage running on either side, upon which doors open, above each of which a lamp is hung. These are the cabins of the officers and the second-class passengers, numbering forty or fifty in all. The whole is brightly lit up at night. In addition to this, there are galleys, closets, &c., to the number of ten or a dozen separate apartments, all in the highest degree neat and well arranged. The captain studies charts, by which he ascertains localities and distances, and fixes the course and position of the ship by means of astronomical observations. Beside this, there are five compasses on deck, each of which is attended to by two men, for regulating the course of the ship. Soundings are taken by means of a lead, and the rate of speed is ascertained through the agency of a log-line. All other devices in use, such as for ascertaining the temperature or the state of the weather, as also for making sail and moving the rudder, are marvellously skilful. The vessel pursues her course unceasingly day and night; meals are spread in profusion, as though in the heart of a city; and one might think oneself living on shore, so little is there to give the impression of being on a journey. What is most noteworthy of all is that, whereas fresh water is a prime necessary at sea, on board steamers water is obtained through the agency of fire. The motive power of steam is employed to propel the ship, and the

steam is then utilized and converted into water for use. Iron pipes are carried all over the ship, through which the water is conducted; and, with hundreds of persons on board, there is no danger of the supply being deficient for drinking or for purposes of ablution.

24th. Got under way at 5 A.M. At 10 A.M. passed out of the river and headed for the south.

27th. At 8 A.M., reached Hong Kong, the rugged peaks of which were visible from a long distance. The entrance to the harbour is many miles in length, and the appearance of the place, with its ranges of buildings scattered up and down the mountain slope, is in complete contrast to that of Shanghai. At 10 A.M. shifted to another steamer, named the *Cambodge*, a three-decked vessel.

28th. A fine warm day. At noon three or four of the officers took observations of the sun by means of instruments, and affirmed that during the 20 hours elapsed since our departure we had run 735 *li* (245 miles). This night the moon shone brilliantly, and the deep-green sea was perfectly still. Leaning against the bulwarks, and gazing into the far distance, I mused tranquilly with far-reaching aspirations.

29th. A fine day. Rose at 5 A.M., and saw the mists of the ocean assuming countless fanciful shapes as the sun rose above the horizon. At noon it was ascertained by observation that we had run 1,207 *li* in the past twenty-four hours, and that we were only 1,180 *li* from Saigon. Since nine o'clock, the mountains and islands of the coast of Cochin-China have been in sight, extending to the westward of us at a distance of about thirty miles. The beat has been intense to-day, and punkahs have been put up on board. Fifteen men are employed in pulling them, and they produce a constant current of air above the seats. Although more than one hundred persons sat down to meals, no inconvenience from heat was felt.

4th. Sailed at 9 A.M. At noon the sky grew overcast, and for the first time a little coolness was experienced. Towards night a heavy thunderstorm came on, but the vessel continued her course as though nothing were the matter. Nothing but a steamship could have done this.

April. 9th. At 3 P.M. anchored at Ceylon.

10th. At 7 P.M. the steamer put to sea. Upwards of 170 additional passengers have come on board, and she is crowded to the utmost degree. There are twenty-seven nationalities represented on board, speaking

seventeen different tongues, and every man differs from his neighbour in personal appearance and costume. Some were long and lanky, others enormously stout; some with whiskers growing up to the roots of their hair, and long locks dangling loose in the wind. The robes these people wore were for the most part of gaily-tinted cottons, resembling the dresses worn by actors in our melodramas, and others again looked like Tibetan *lamas* about to perform the ceremony of exorcism. The effect produced was very striking and new. The natives of the various European countries, on the other hand, bore an air, in general, of elegance and refinement, and their wives and daughters also were good-looking and attractive. The ladies' costumes, of light silks and gauzy materials, were in particular of the most elegant description. Of a morning they walked arm-in-arm upon deck, or lay down upon couches made of rattan, their husbands waiting upon them all day long, attending like slaves to every beck and call. After breakfast and dinner [the husbands and wives] would walk up and down arm-in-arm for a hundred steps or so, and when tired would lie down on a couple of chairs drawn close together. The noise of conversation was like that of the twittering of swallows in the eaves, or a flock of waterfowl alighted for repose. Thus the day slips by in idleness, but without ennui.

16th. Among the passengers on board we had a Mohammedan from India, who was bound on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the founder of his faith, in the Turkish dominions, but since coming on board he has been confined to bed by illness, and this morning he was gathered to rest. When passengers die on board ship, their corpses are weighted with stones and cast into the sea. The captain, on examining the effects of the deceased, found a will, bequeathing 40,000*l.* to his son, whose place of residence was mentioned. I felt much emotion on hearing of the occurrence. Mr. Hart* asked me to compose some poetry, and I indited a stanza in pentameter verse. Toward midnight we passed an island, near which, I was told, sudden and unaccountable gales often spring up. From Hong Kong to this point I have travelled tens of thousands of *li* across the boundless ocean, but wind and waves have been propitious and calm, and I have been able each day to

make my notes in the full-formed character. All my fellow-travellers have suffered, and as for myself the enjoyment of such comfort on this mission, taking me for the first time in my life upon the seas, can be due to no other cause than the favouring fortunes of the Sacred Son of Heaven!

18th. Arrived at Aden at noon. On the right hand a range of mountains extends for many miles, through which an entrance is formed resembling a gateway, and the vessel takes up her anchorage in a land-locked harbour. The hills are rugged and fantastic in outline, showing mile after mile of precipitous peaks, all utterly devoid of vegetation. On shore there are a dozen or so of mud-built houses occupied as barracks for the English troops, and for storing coal for the use of the ocean steamers. The distance from Ceylon to this point is 6,400 and odd *li*, and without a settlement of this kind there would be a difficulty in coaling and watering vessels. It is for this reason that the British have stationed troops at this spot, commanding the highway from east to west, and made it a depot for necessities. The undertaking is a highly useful one. The place itself, however, produces absolutely nothing. Everything that is required in the way of live stock, provisions, and coal has to be imported from abroad. Sailed at 11 P.M.

22nd. A fine day. Our run at noon was 729 *li*. At 3 P.M. sighted a lofty tower rising in the midst of the sea. On approaching, saw that it is built in seven stories, and rises to a height of more than 100 feet. It is constructed of iron, and a red flag is displayed on the summit. One of the persons on board told me that this building is placed where it stands in order to mark the position of a shoal. Persons are stationed within, who hoist a flag when a vessel comes in sight, and display a light after dark, in order that navigators may be warned to keep at a distance. This is, indeed, a most excellent undertaking.

24th. Anchored at Suez shortly after midnight. Rose at 4 A.M., and at 6 A.M. we were transferred, with our luggage, to a small steamer, which conveyed us a distance of three or four miles to the landing-place. Went to the hotel, a building with lofty and handsome rooms. Tables were spread in four rows, giving seats for 150 persons, and meals are served precisely as on board the steamer, except that wine has to be paid for as ordered. While we were breakfasting, loud sounds of music were heard. The performers were eight in number, male and female, and the instruments upon which they played were of very sin-

* This is the first mention Pin makes of his travelling companions from China. The gentlemen above named was the patron to whom Pin owed his nomination for the journey; and he was accompanied, besides, by two interpreters from the Customs service, Messrs. Bowra and Deschamps.—*Trans.*

gular forms, but the music was not unpleasant. I found, on inquiry, that these persons were Germans. Three of the women passed round the tables with glass dishes in their hands, and each guest gave them one or two pieces of silver money. A number of airs having been played, the women sang. Their voices were pure and well-modulated, and the effect produced was really agreeable. The music was kept up for a couple of hours or more. At 3 P.M. we took our places in the railway-train. The vehicles in front comprise the engine, burning coal and putting the wheels in motion by means of the water contained (in the boiler); and to this the remaining carriages are attached in succession, to the number of thirty or forty, as the case may be. Each carriage is like the room of a house, and is divided into three compartments, to each of which there is a door. On entering, seats are found ranged along either side, each seat giving room for eight or nine persons. Above and below the seats there are spaces where some dozens of articles of passengers' luggage can be stowed away. Each compartment has six glass windows, to keep out the draughts and glare of the sun; they can be opened and closed at will. The carriages are handsomely painted, and fitted with well-filled, luxurious cushions. One can sit or lie down, eat and drink, get up and look out right and left, exactly as one chooses. The carriages next in order convey the luggage, and those last of all accommodate several camels and horses. The train does not start until after a bell has been rung three times. For the first few paces the motion is gradual and easy, but after this it becomes like "the speed of a galloping horse, whom no one can stop." The houses, trees, hills, and roads by the side of the train fly past so swiftly that they are scarcely perceived by the eye. After a time the train stops, and in the village by the roadside there is a building, to which all the passengers, male and female, repair to purchase refreshments. The master of the establishment is a Mohammedan, and on the walls there are painted images of Buddha, and sundry (figures of) dragons and other monsters, huge fishes, and wild beasts are hung up all over the place, together with five or six pictures in frames, representing Chinese theatrical scenes. After taking refreshment, we again got in motion, under the light of a brilliant moon. After travelling for another couple of hours, towards 8 P.M. groves of trees began to show themselves by the wayside, and houses to become more and more frequent. We were approaching Cairo, the capital of Egypt.

In four hours we had effected a land journey of 278 *li* (93 miles). Proceeded to the inn, which was brilliantly lighted up, with meals ready prepared. The apartments were neat, and beautifully arranged. Retired to rest at midnight. At length, after a sea voyage of a month's duration, I am on shore again, and able, for the first time, to undress.

25th. At 4 A.M. packed up some provisions, and having engaged a carriage drove out in a north-westerly direction. After driving for three or four miles crossed a small river. My companions hired six donkeys, which they put to speed on reaching the further bank. The donkeys are very fine animals, and would outrun a horse. A distance of three or four miles farther on we arrived at the tombs of the ancient kings, of which there are three in close proximity to each other. The tomb lying to the north is of immense size. According to the descriptions given of it, it occupies an area of five *li*, and its summit attains an altitude of 500 feet; and this I believe to be no exaggeration. The structure is square below and rises to a point (pyramidal), and is entirely composed of blocks of limestone. The larger blocks measure perhaps five or six feet in height by seven or eight feet in breadth. On the north face there is a cavernous passage winding into the interior, through which visitors are led by the native guides, waving lights in front. In the narrowest places there is barely room for a man to pass. The passage winds from side to side, now up and now down, in the densest obscurity, and with many steep and dangerous inclines. In the centre a stone trough is met with, which, on being struck, gives forth a ringing sound. This is said to be an ancient sarcophagus. The [vault] where the passage debouches is upwards of 100 feet in height, and here, on a slab of stone, there is an inscription in ten columns, comprising about 100 characters, resembling those of the ancient bells and vases (found in China). About one-third of the inscription can be distinguished, but the remainder has perished under the corroding influences of time, and is wholly undecipherable. Some connoisseur should take a rubbing of the characters and bring it to China for the purpose of instituting a minute comparison with the inscriptions of our own ancient monuments in stone and bronze. They might then be deciphered without difficulty, and the period from which they date be accurately ascertained. Although inscriptions also exist on both sides of the internal passage, both above and below, still the characters here seen all

belong to the European alphabets; and that the one above referred to actually dates from the period of the Three Dynasties in China,* and is no forgery, may be positively asserted. At the foot of the mountain (pyramid) there is a huge block of stone, chiselled in the form of a tank, apparently an unfinished labour of antiquity. Beside it a huge block stands upright, which is sculptured in the likeness of a head of Buddha resembling the image at the T'afu-size (Grand Monastery of Buddha) at the Lake of Hang-chow. It is a sight worth seeing. The natives brought ancient coins and stone figures from the places of sepulture for sale to the visitors.

26th. Set out again at 9 A.M. Passed on the road two railway-carriages, gorgeously decorated with gilding, which were said to be the royal carriages. The train pursued a north-westerly course, and as the season was that of harvest the country presented a vast expanse of ripened grain, like yellow clouds. The method of reaping and gathering in the corn, of ploughing and harrowing, pursued by the peasants of the country, resembles in the main the system in China. The speed of the train was now greater than before, and the sensation was precisely that of flying through the air. At 2 P.M. we arrived at Alexandria, a distance of 489 li, and embarked on board a small steamer, which conveyed us to the Mediterranean boat. The latter took her departure immediately. She is smaller than the *Cambodge*, and somewhat differently constructed, but her saloon is of superior size. Three long tables are spread, which will accommodate 150 or 160 passengers, and windows open on either side, the spaces between being occupied by fine paintings. The saloon is lighted at night by forty-four lamps, rivalling daylight in the illumination they produce.

Since leaving the Red Sea the temperature has grown cooler by degrees, and in the morning and evening warm clothing is necessary. Some even put on furs.

May 2nd. At 1 P. M. arrived at Marseilles, where the Custom-house exempted our baggage from search. Took a carriage to the hotel. The streets are bustling and crowded, the houses all six or seven stories in height, with highly-decorated fronts and ornamental balconies, towering up into the very clouds. After darkness falls, the lamplight makes them as bright as by day, even in the lesser byways. No rambler by night need carry his own lantern in his hand! It is stated that the population

amounts to 500,000 souls. There is an endless succession of streets, and the twinkling lights of the shops, crowded together like the stars of the firmament, present a spectacle such as the new-year's night illuminations elsewhere* cannot vie with either in beauty or extent. The splendour of the gas-lamps is a spectacle in itself. The hotel is seven stories in height, with a staircase in a spiral form; but in order to avoid the inconvenience of frequent ascents, there is, in addition, a small apartment, accommodating seven or eight persons, which by means of a large revolving wheel is hoisted to the top of the building. Each room is provided with a covered indicator of intelligence (bell), through which it is known at once in the office that attendance is called for in that particular room. For transmitting messages there is also a marvellous contrivance. All these devices are very wonderful. The bedding and furniture in general are all elegant in the extreme.

3rd. Went by railway to see the place where marine engines are manufactured, which lies at a distance of about thirty miles from the hotel, but the time occupied in the trip was barely over four hours. The train passed under ten or a dozen hills (through tunnels), of which five were of great length. These passages are all like deep caverns, some one and some two miles or so in length. The train whirls into pitchy blackness as it enters the tunnel, but every one of the carriages, some score or more in number, is lighted by lamps. After a few moments the daylight on the other side begins to appear, and we emerge once more. The vegetation in the open country was very pretty. The bridges and roads all in good repair. Wheat was just in the green ear. In the afternoon visited some gardens near the seashore. At 3 P. M. set out in the train and travelled a distance of 283 miles. It was only 8 P. M. when we arrived at our destination, Lyons, where the streets, resplendent with lamplight as if it were broad day, were even twice as bustling as at Marseilles.

7th. At Paris. The Custom-house passed our luggage without examination. The streets are bustling and gay, and in airiness and breadth are finer again than those of Lyons. I am informed that at the latter place the population is 600,000, whilst at Paris it is upwards of 1,000,000. There are 300,000 troops [in the country], and in every street and thoroughfare [sentinels] are seen stationed, clad in dark uniforms (*lit.*: black coats) with red trousers, standing

* The period extending from B.C. 2200 to B.C. 300.

* i. e. in China.

erect with a weapon (staff) in their hands. There is a constant succession of police passing to and fro, all wearing bright new uniforms, not a single one in shabby or worn clothing! One unceasing rattle arises from the traffic of vehicles, and the multitudes of foot-passengers may be compared to swarms of ants; but all is tranquil, nevertheless, and no confusion prevails. Unquestionably, it is a land of politeness and good order.

8th. M. de Méritens, of the [Chinese] Customs (at home on leave), accompanied me to a public establishment where drawings were being made having reference to dwellings in the style of various countries about to be erected at Paris. Also went to a vast building of glass, 300 feet in height and large in proportion. It contains a countless number of fine paintings, very triumphs of pictorial art. After this, proceeded two or three miles to the westward, where the Government gardens stand. It is quite beyond my power to do justice to the rich display of botanical treasures, and the wonders of the animal kingdom, which are to be seen at this place; but what is most remarkable is that all the most curious among the scaly and finny tribes of the seas are reared in confinement here, separately lodged according to their species in glass compartments, accompanied by aquatic plants and marine rocks, presenting a complete tableaux of the denizens of ocean! Some scores of rare specimens of crustacea are kept alive here in some twenty or thirty different compartments, and visitors are able to inspect most minutely these creeping things of the waters — a most remarkable sight indeed! In the evening I went to the theatre, which was not over until midnight. The subject of the play referred wholly to scenes of ancient times. The size of the stage (*lit.*: room) was such as to give space for 200 or 300 persons, with representations of natural scenery and houses or apartments changing and dissolving instantaneously. The eye is dazzled by the splendour of the gay costumes that are worn. Fifty or sixty females, actresses, made their appearance on the stage, of whom one-half were noticeable for good looks, the great majority being nude to the extent of half their persons, and took part in the performance as dancers. During the progress of the play, natural scenery accompanied by cascades, with the sun and moon, alternately shining and obscured, was represented, whilst figures of the gods or crowds of fairies were seen descending from on high, amidst a dazzling halo of light, forming an inconceivably marvellous spectacle. Those present in the theatre, to the number

of more than a thousand, joined unanimously in applauding it by clapping their hands.

10th. Called upon the British and United States' Ministers, who are respectively stationed at Paris. In the evening went to a theatre to see equestrian performances, which I found superior to Chinese horseracing. A female performer danced upon a horse's back, and while the animal was racing at full speed she jumped through a hoop and alighted again upon the saddle. Another individual made a horse stand up and dance on his hind legs; beside which there was an iron cage produced, larger than an ordinary room, which was rolled upon wheels into the arena, and in which five lions were confined. Their roaring boomed in the ear like the reverberation of a deep-toned bell. A man entered the cage and engaged in combat with these beasts, using a sword and rapier, and discharging a fire-arm. The angry roaring of the lions made every spectator hold his breath.

18th. Left the hotel about eight o'clock, and set off by train. After a journey of 210 miles, arrived by one o'clock at the port of Boulogne, where we embarked on board a steamer for a sea-transit of some 25 miles, arriving about 4 P.M. at the British port of Dover. Taking train again, travelled a further distance of 84 miles, and at 7 P.M. entered our hotel in London, the English capital.

19th. Mr. Hart, the Inspector-General of [Chinese] Customs, came to see me, and during the day I also received visits from Messrs. Dick, Hughes, and Hannen, of the Customs service, who spoke of the vast population of London, exceeding 3,000,000 souls, and of the insular position of the country, owing to which an army of some 100,000 men, and a navy numbering no more than 60,000 seamen, are sufficient for defensive purposes; quite unlike France, whose frontier on three sides adjoins that of neighbouring countries. In France, accordingly, a larger army is required, and in case of war some hundreds of thousands of men can be put in the field. The metropolis is fifteen miles in diameter, with a densely crowded population. The houses and other buildings present a fine appearance, and are, for the most part, four or five stories in height. The streets are clean, and absolutely thronged with vehicles and foot-passengers. Of all cities of the West, this is by far the largest capital. The uniform of the military seen in the streets is a red coat and black trousers, perfect neatness prevailing in every part of their attire and equipments. The horses they ride are

of imposing size. Each man patrols his beat unceasingly, with his weapon in his hand.

24th. Went to have my likeness taken. In the afternoon called upon the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Lord Clarendon, and upon Mr. Hammond. Later, went to see an Academy,* where the portraits, figures, and landscapes exhibited display singular excellence in the art. The European newspapers have had the report as far back as two months ago that a Chinese commissioner was on his way, and numbers of persons consequently ask to see me and to have my likeness. At the establishment where I was photographed in Paris, crowds of people strove to get copies, and I am told that as much as fifteen francs were paid for a copy of the portrait. It has already been a source of great profit to the artist, just as with us, fans from the hand of a noted painter are sought after.

25th. Cloudy. Visited the great gardens [at Kew], where there are azaleas more than ten feet in height, and roses also as high as five or six feet, covered with blossoms, in vast profusion, forming a rich display of varied colour and fragrance. I was told that plants brought from China are tended here with care and successfully propagated. In general, the abundance and beauty of the floral display excels everything of the kind in Europe. The artificial water here is very fine, and the glass-houses and aviaries a most rare sight.

In the evening went to the Tea Gardens [Cremorne] and saw theatrical displays, divinely wonderful beyond conception.

26th. Visited the Custom-house, where the annual receipts, I learn, amount to 26,000,000*l.* sterling. Also visited the tea-warehouses, containing three million chests of tea, all showing Chinese marks, beside one million barrels of wine, stored in underground vaults. These vaults are of great extent, and we burnt out ten or more candles before our visit was over. The atmosphere is powerfully impregnated with vinous exhalations, yielding an agreeable perfume to the senses. If Yüan Tseih† could be brought hither he would certainly exclaim: "Bury me here when I die, and spare yourselves the trouble of following me with a mattock!" Also visited the Mint, where gold, silver, and copper are coined by ma-

chinery, without manual labour,—a process singularly skilful and effective.

27th. Travelled into the country by train in a north-westerly direction, accomplishing a distance of thirty miles in three-quarters of an hour, to visit a camp of instruction [Aldershot]. Called upon the General in command, and afterwards witnessed divers military exercises. The soldiers' quarters occupy an area some three miles around, and 8,000 men are stationed here. The musketry practice and manoeuvres were executed with uniform precision. In the afternoon, lunched with the General.

28th. Visited the Zoological Gardens, and had a sight of tigers, leopards, bears, lions, elephants, serpents, dragons, and denizens of the waters,—in fact, every kind of creature, with strange birds and monstrous fishes, such as, in truth, "eye hath not seen nor ear heard." This is considered the most extensive menagerie in existence.

31st. Was invited to-night by the Minister of State, Earl Russell, to present myself to his lady, who was very gracious. There was a large gathering of ladies of rank and distinction, filling the rooms with gorgeous apparel. Some of the ladies played upon the piano and sang, making the air resound with vocal music, the effect of which was very pleasing. Methought Tung Shwang-ch'eng* had descended from the halls of fairy-land and come to London.

June 1st. Cloudy, and a slight drizzle. Visited the ancient cathedral [Westminster Abbey], which rises to a height of 120 feet, supported by pillars of stone and vaulted arches of immense height. The workmanship is of the most elaborate kind, but it has suffered much from the ravages of time during its existence of upwards of 1,000 years. The ancient sovereigns and statesmen are interred within this edifice, and are represented by lifelike effigies in stone. About 4 P.M. visited the Houses of Parliament (*lit.*: the hall of public deliberation), an edifice lofty and magnificent beyond compare. The various districts of the country elect 600 persons to deliberate [here] on public affairs. In the evening went to the theatre. The performance was inconceivably marvellous.

June 2nd. This morning visited Woolwich, eight miles distant to the south-west, where the brother of General Gordon is superintendent of the Arsenal, which he invited me to inspect. Lunched at his official residence, and composed a couple of sonnets in pentameter during the repast.

* Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

† Yuan Tseih is one of the seven wine-bibbing worthies of Chinese history and romance. He died A.D. 263. As the professor of an epicurean philosophy, which ridiculed the formal ceremonies of the prevailing orthodoxy, he was accustomed to say, "Let me die drinking, and shovel me into my grave!"—*Trans.*

* This is the name of one of the fairy attendants of Si Wang Mu, the Titanis of the Chinese.—*Trans.*

4th. A fine day. Visited what is called the Palace of Crystal, lying eight miles south of the metropolis. The palace stands on a hill, in a very lofty situation, and consists in two great halls, two-thirds of a mile high and a mile in breadth.* There is a tower at either end, that on the north being eleven stories in height, and 400 feet in altitude. The whole is constructed of glass, and when seen from a distance it glitters like one mass of crystal. In the interior, the dwellings and architecture of various countries are represented, with effigies of their respective inhabitants and birds and beasts. The director of the palace did the honours and led me through the whole place, and supplied me, besides, with a small carriage to obviate the necessity of walking. Within and without, brightness reigns on every side; and from the balconies a view extending over twenty miles of country is obtained. I was next invited to the building where guests are entertained — a smaller, three-storied edifice, elegantly fitted-up. The arcade leading to it is completely closed in with glass, and the covered ways surrounding [the house] were gay with purple creepers in full bloom. The peonies and azaleas were larger than those in China; and besides these flowers a variety of other plants were scattered here and there, forming, with the verdure with which the ground was carpeted, a lovely combination of divers hues. A lady offered us refreshments (*lit.*: tea and wine), and brought out books of pictures for our inspection. Our reception here was exceedingly hospitable.

5th. Cloudy. At 10 A.M. set out by rail for Windsor Castle, the Queen's country palace, about seventeen miles off. The edifice is lofty and of great extent; it is said, indeed, to contain 3,600 (?) separate apartments and is, in all, of three stories in height. It may well be said, therefore, to be a structure of "broad halls and countless chambers." A custodian of the palace acted as our guide throughout the various apartments, which contain a great abundance of precious objects. I noticed a vase of green jade-stone,† six or seven feet in height, covered with the richest veinings, resembling the plumage of a peacock, and dazzlingly lustrous. This I was told was a present from the sovereign of Russia. It does not yield the palm, in good sooth, to the "coral branch seven feet long." Beside this, various rooms are set apart for precious articles from different countries,

all separately arranged, and among the number I noticed a volume of botanical drawings, and a fan inscribed with three heptameter stanzas from the poems entitled *Liu Hiang Tseih*, both of which I recognized as Chinese. The walls of the palace are hung with paintings by celebrated masters, and in richness and elegance of its furniture and decorations it stands at the head of everything in the West. The park embraces an area of ten miles in circuit, and the honour was done me of placing a carriage and horses from the royal stables at my disposal for a drive through the domain. Some of the trees are of stupendous size, and are more than a century old. The prospect is diversified by gently undulating hills, and by winding rivulets and streams, amid which the belling of the deer is heard mingling with a flood of melody from feathered songsters. The most delicate and exquisite kinds of flowers are cultivated in glass houses, with windows which may be opened and shut at pleasure to guard them against the effects of wind or sun. The superintendent of the gardens informed me that in consequence of the coldness of the climate this precaution is necessary, and without it the plants would be killed by frosts. Taking a walk inside this building I was charmed by the rich display of colour and gratified by the subtle perfumes exhaled around. Among the flowers which I recognized were specimens of the *Cydonia Japonica*, some two or three feet in height, of most symmetrical beauty. The red and white camellias resembling those grown in the province of Kiangsi, the roses, azaleas, peonies, tulips, &c., were all double the size of what we have in China. I also visited the fruit-houses, which are similarly constructed. Here some score or more of buildings are occupied with peaches, plums, and almonds, beside graperies. In all these places, it appears, hot water is laid on in brass pipes, which maintain an equable warmth in the building, resembling the temperature which prevails in China towards the end of spring. Of the fruit-trees, some were just flowering, others only just in bud, some with the fruit formed, and others again in full bearing, thus providing, as I was informed, a constant succession of fruit for use as required. A bunch of purple grapes was plucked for me, the clustering fruit of which equalled birds' eggs in size, but fully ripe, and of most exquisite flavour.

In the stables (I saw) the royal horses, some of which stand eight feet in height. There are also eight small carriage-ponies, resembling the ponies of the west of China,

* Some confusion seems to exist here between the palace and the hill on which it stands. — *Trans.*

† Malachite is probably meant. — *Trans.*

which are driven by the Queen herself. The high carriage in which I was driven whirled along with the rapidity of lightning, and in a couple of hours I had traversed every corner of the domain. I was reminded of the verse in Li Ch'ang-ke's poems, where he says : —

In the favouring airs of Spring, swift my courser speeds his way!
All the blooming sights of Ch'ang-ngan* I will witness in a day!

I also visited the great college (Eton), where the director of studies invited me to partake of refreshments. On returning in the evening, I dined by invitation with the Marquis (or Earl) M—, at his public residence, where a feast of the most *recherché* character was given; and towards midnight I proceeded to the same nobleman's private residence, where a great gathering of ladies, not less than from one to two hundred, was assembled. The lady [of the house] was stationary in the midst of a forest of gorgeously appressed guests, and the introductions left not a moment's leisure.

6th. Early this morning an officer of the palace sent a card stating he was commanded by the Queen to invite [us] to a State ball and banquet, specifying half-past ten o'clock P. M. as the time. The officers accompanying me and the interpreters were to go also, and dresses of ceremony were worn [by the interpreters] with swords. Our preparations were not completed until evening, and at the appointed time we proceeded together to the palace. On alighting from our carriage at the gateway we saw some hundred or more of troops under arms, and drawn up in rank. They were all dressed in scarlet. After passing through the doorway we discerned a line of officers, drawn up, erect and motionless, holding halberds in their hands. At each doorway four of these were stationed. After entering, and turning to the left, we traversed a long corridor, making four or five turns. The whole was flooded with a blaze of light, the marble pavements richly carpeted, and both sides of the staircase lined with flowering plants in bloom, the perfume from which impregnated the entire atmosphere. The lamps shone with such splendour that not a nook or cranny was left unilluminated. The flight of stairs we ascended numbered more than a hundred steps, and was crowded with a continuous stream of ladies of rank proceeding to the presence-chamber. It is the ceremonial usage that a court is held by the Queen twice during each month. Fol-

lowing our guide, we passed through one room after another, until at length we reached the ball-room. The size of this apartment is about fifty or sixty feet* in breadth by more than one hundred in length. It is, moreover, upwards of fifty feet in height. From the ceiling, and on all sides of the room, there are hung lamps with glass shades, to the number of 8,560 (?) burners altogether.

Of late years, the Queen has held but few receptions, and the heir-apparent and his consort have been commissioned to discharge on her behalf the courtesies of State entailed by foreign intercourse. There were present at court this evening four hundred of the nobility and high functionaries of the Government, besides eight or nine hundred ladies of rank and position. The Prince and Princess sat facing the south, with seats arranged on either side of them, in three gradations. All the guests in attendance may stand or sit down as they please. I had a place opposite together with my companions. A band was stationed in a gallery, and the male and female guests went through some ten or a dozen dances. Officers of the army were in scarlet uniforms, and civilians in black coats, in all cases ornamented with gold embroidery. The ladies wore dresses of a variety of colours, red, green, &c., with bare shoulders, arms, and bosoms. They wore clusters of jewels and diamonds upon their heads — a gorgeous array of ornament literally dazzling to the sight! This spectacle is the *ne plus ultra* of elegance, luxury, and abundance! At midnight the Prince and Princess left their seats and repaired to another saloon, when the whole assemblage stood still, forming ranks on either side. Shortly afterwards a palace official brought word that the Prince had invited me to see him, and I forthwith went [to be introduced]. The Prince and Princess both stood up, and put questions to me, such as — What did I think of the appearance of this country? It was a pity China is so far off, so that travelling backward and forward is not easy; had I enjoyed a comfortable voyage? Was I pleased with my visit to the Royal park yesterday? The Princess asked me how the climate of China was in comparison with that of England; and whether I had been pleased with the places I had seen. To all these questions I made answer, in addition to which I also said: — "Envoys from China have never as yet reached your

* One of the most celebrated among the ancient capitals of China. — *Trans.*

* If the writer is reckoning by Chinese measurement, this passage should read, "seventy or eighty feet," as the *chang* of ten Chinese feet is equal to fourteen feet English. — *Trans.*

honourable country; and now having been ordained to travel abroad, I have learnt for the first time that such beautiful lands exist beyond our seas. Moreover, by the extremely gracious welcome accorded to me by the Queen and your Royal Highness, I feel honoured in an unparalleled measure." Hereupon the Prince and Princess, both smiling, permitted me to withdraw, for the purpose of proceeding to the banqueting-room, where a profusion of costly wines and elegant viands was laid out. The servants of the entertainment, decked in gold lace, carried trays about, moreover, and handed refreshments to the guests. I almost fancied I had been transported bodily to the Lake of Gems in heaven, that the crowd around me were the golden-armoured Gods, or the Immortals of fairy-land,* and that I had bid farewell to the world below!

A message came shortly with the Queen's commands that I should repair to the palace on the following afternoon to be presented to her Majesty. It was near morning when I got back to the hotel.

7th. A fine day. At about 3 P.M. I arrived at the palace gateway. Guards were drawn up inside and out the same as last evening, with the addition of a band numbering some scores of performers, clad in scarlet uniforms. A palace official, decorated with gold lace, led me to an apartment where I seated myself to await the summons to the Royal presence. At three o'clock several officers of the Household made their appearance, and led me through one door after another into the presence-chamber. The Queen was standing facing the doorway, and on entering the apartment I drew myself up in a respectful attitude, and offered an expression of homage (*lit.*: of grateful feelings). The Queen asked me how long I had been in this country—how I liked what I had seen, everything being so different from the manners and customs of China. I replied, saying that I had already been here a fortnight, and that in what I had seen of the buildings of London, and the various kinds of machinery in use, the skill and excellence of workmanship displayed were in advance of China, whilst, in respect to matters of government and administration, I had found much to admire. I added that I felt honoured beyond measure by the gracious treatment vouchsafed

to me by the Queen, through which I had been enabled to enjoy the sight of her beautiful domains. The Queen deigned to reply saying that she hoped after my return to China, on the termination of my travels, the concord and amity prevailing between the two countries might be still further increased. I bowed profoundly, testifying my homage, and withdrew.

I cannot help feeling that for a mere traveller like myself to have been favoured with repeated manifestations of courtesy, and to have had an interview vouchsafed and condescending expressions addressed to me, is an honour of the very highest degree.

8th. Cloudy. Left the hotel at half-past 9 A.M., and at 10 o'clock took the train and travelled sixty miles northward to Oxford, where I visited several great colleges. An elegant luncheon was laid before us; and at 3 P.M. we went on to Birmingham, another journey of sixty miles. It is the custom in England for each town to elect an individual as director of the local affairs, like the "prefects" in our own ancient system. There was here a [gentleman] named Y—, occupying the office in question, who, having heard I was to visit the place, received me with great attention, invited me to dinner, and accompanied me on a tour through all the manufacturing establishments.

13th. Arrived at London at 5 A.M. The streets begin to be familiar, and on returning to our previous lodgings in Cha-urh-sze Sze-ti-li-ti (Charles Street), the landlady of the (United) Hotel and the attendants all welcomed us like old acquaintances. The flowers in the vases looked smilingly at the guests, and the bird in its cage chirruped its note of recognition. Truly it is said in Tu Yew's poems:

K'ian ying tseng suh k'eh.

(The dog goes forth to greet the stranger who has once slept in the house).

Our rooms are on the third story, and are tolerably lofty and airy. The dining-room is an elegantly furnished apartment, different from the one we first occupied. This hotel ranks as one of the second class, yet it is five stories in height, with some dozens of rooms on each floor. At night, it is brilliantly illuminated, not a single landing or winding gallery left unprovided with a flood of light, which is continued throughout the whole night. There are some ten or more large dining-rooms, and upwards of 130 bedrooms. In every apartment there is a means of communication for summoning attendants fixed on the wall. By pressing this with the finger, it is made known im-

* In the above complimentary outburst, the narrator ingeniously combines the various Chinese and Buddhist legendary ideas of celestial magnificence into one picture. The Lake of Gems is the fabled abode of the "Queen of the Fairies," Si Wang Mu; the golden-armoured Gods are the attendants of Indra in the Buddhist pantheon; whilst the Immortals are part of the Taoist mythology. — *Trans.*

mediately in the office that a servant is summoned to such-and-such a room on such-and-such a floor. In the bath-room there are two brass pipes, from which the water flows. One pipe furnishes hot water, the other cold, the quantity of which may be regulated at pleasure. In all these arrangements, all establishments are fitted up alike.

14th. Fine. Settled the dates for our journey to Holland and other countries. The Secretary of State, Ka (the Earl of Clarendon), invited me to an interview with him in the afternoon, when, in addition to other conversation, he stated that the Queen had spoken approvingly of me, and also that, being aware I was about to visit other countries, he had been good enough to send communications notifying the fact, in order that wherever I went I might find hospitable entertainers. This is kindness and attention for which one should certainly feel grateful. Went next to the Earl of T.'s, where a large party of distinguished guests were invited, and where the lady of the house treated me with the utmost hospitality. After a time we repaired to the garden, and looked on while the lady visitors played at ball (croquet), during which time music was discoursed by a band. The assemblage of elegant toilettes was truly a sight to behold!

20th. Rain. The Duke of P. invited us to a public assembly to witness a ball. The number of guests of both sexes was considerable (*lit.*: exceeded several tens). All the officials present wore their court uniforms, the same as at the palace entertainment. It was 2 A.M. when I got back to the hotel. The majority of the guests, it was stated, were Scottish, and of the ladies two or three in every ten had white hair, though their faces were youthful and blooming. In answer to my inquiries I was told that the hair was artificially whitened. One not conversant with the fact might almost have taken youthful matrons for grandmothers!

22nd. Mr. B. of the Crystal Palace invited us to see the fountains. The landscape scenery and grottoes which they went through with us were very pretty sights. Returned home after a dinner in the evening. It was close upon midnight when we got back. On this day we saw a native of the province of Hu-peh, not more than three feet high, and also a man from Ngan-hevei, eight or nine feet in height — both remarkable specimens of humanity. A foreigner has brought them for a tour in this country.

23rd. Fine. At 9 A.M. embarked on board a steamer and left port for Holland.

From Chambers' Journal. OZONE.

RECENTLY, the singular gas termed ozone has attracted a large amount of attention from chemists and meteorologists. The vague ideas which were formed as to its nature when as yet it had been but newly discovered, have given place gradually to more definite views; and though we cannot be said to have thoroughly mastered all the difficulties which the strange element presents, yet we know already much that is interesting and instructive.

Let us briefly consider the history of ozone.

Nine years after Priestley had discovered oxygen, Van Marum, the electrician, noticed that when electric sparks are taken through that gas, a peculiar odour is evolved. Most people know this odour, since it is always to be recognized in the neighbourhood of an electrical machine in action. In reality, it indicates the presence of ozone in the air. But for more than half a century after Van Marum had noticed it, it was supposed to be the "smell of electricity."

In 1840, Schönbein began to inquire into the cause of this peculiar odour. He presently found that it is due to some change in the oxygen; and that it can be produced in many ways. Of these, the simplest, and, in some respects, the most interesting, is the following: "Take sticks of common phosphorus, scrape them until they have a metallic lustre, place them in this condition under a large bell-jar and half-cover them with water. The air in the bell-jar is soon charged with ozone, and a large room can readily be supplied with ozonized air by this process."

Schönbein set himself to inquire into the properties of this new gas, and very interesting results rewarded his researches. It became quite clear, to begin with, that whatever ozone may be, its properties are perfectly distinct from those of oxygen. Its power of oxidizing or rusting metals, for example, is much greater than that which oxygen possesses. Many metals which oxygen will not oxidize at all, even when they are at a high temperature, submit at once to the influence of ozone. But the power of ozone on other substances than metals is equally remarkable. Dr. Richardson states that, when air is so ozonized as to be only respirable for a short time, its destructive power is such that gutta-percha and india-rubber tubings are destroyed by merely conveying it.

The bleaching and disinfecting powers of ozone are very striking. Schönbein was at

first led to associate them with the qualities of chlorine gas; but he soon found that they are perfectly distinct.

It had not yet been shewn whether ozone was a simple or a compound gas. If simple, of course it could be but another form of oxygen. At first, however, the chances seemed against this view; and there were not wanting skilful chemists who asserted that ozone was a compound of the oxygen of the air with the hydrogen which forms an element of the aqueous vapour nearly always present in the atmosphere.

It was important to set this question at rest. This was accomplished by the labours of De la Rive and Marignac, who proved that ozone is simply another form of oxygen.

Here we touch on a difficult branch of modern chemical research. The chemical elements being recognized as the simplest forms of matter, it might be supposed that each element would be unchangeable in its nature. That a compound should admit of change, is of course a thing to be expected. If we decompose water, for instance, into its component elements, oxygen and hydrogen, we may look on these gases as exhibiting water to us in another form. And a hundred instances of the sort might be adduced, in which, either by separating the elements of a compound, or by rearranging them, we obtain new forms of matter without any real change of substance. But with an element, the case, one would suppose, should be different.

However, the physicist must take facts as he finds them; and amongst the most thoroughly recognized chemical facts we have this one, that elementary substances may assume different forms. Chemists call the phenomenon allotropy. A well-known instance of allotropy is seen in red phosphorus. Phosphorus is one of the chemical elements; and, as every one knows, the form in which it is usually obtained is that of a soft, yellow semi-transparent solid, somewhat resembling bees'-wax in consistency, poisonous, and readily taking fire. Red phosphorus is the same element, yet differs wholly in its properties. It is a powder, it does not readily take fire, and it is not poisonous.

Ozone, then, is another form of oxygen. It is the only instance yet discovered of gaseous allotropy.

And now we have to deal with the difficult and still-vexed questions of the way in which the change from oxygen is brought about, and the actual distinction between the two forms of the same gas. Schönbein holds that common oxygen is produced by

the combination of two special forms of oxygen — the positive and the negative; or, as he called them, ozone and antozone. He shewed that, in certain conditions of the air, the atmospheric oxygen exhibits qualities which are the direct reverse of those which ozone exhibits, and are distinct from those of ordinary oxygen. In oxygen thus negatived, or antozonised, animals cannot live any more than they can in nitrogen. The products of decomposition are not only not destroyed as by ozone, but seem subject to preservative influences, and speedily become singularly offensive; dead animal matter rapidly putrefies, and wounds shew a tendency to mortification.

But the theory of positive and negative forms of oxygen, though still held by a few physicists, has gradually given way before the advance of new and sounder modes of inquiry. It has been proved, in the first place, that ozone is denser than ordinary oxygen. The production of ozone is always followed by a contraction of the gas's volume, the contraction being greater or less according to the amount of oxygen which has been ozonized. Regularly as the observers — Messrs Andrews and Tait — converted a definite proportion of oxygen into ozone, the corresponding contraction followed, and as regularly was the original volume of the gas restored when, by the action of heat, the ozone was reconverted into oxygen.

And now a very singular experiment was made by the observers, with results which proved utterly perplexing to them. Mercury has the power of absorbing ozone; and the experimenters thought that if, after producing a definite contraction by the formation of ozone, they could absorb the ozone by means of mercury, the quantity of oxygen which remained would serve to shew them how much ozone had been formed, and thence, of course, they could determine the density of ozone.

Suppose, for instance, that we have one hundred cubic inches of oxygen, and that by any process we reduce it to a combination of oxygen and ozone occupying ninety-five cubic inches. Now, if the mercury absorbed the ozone, and we found, say, that there only remained eighty-five cubic inches of oxygen, we could reason in this way: — Ten cubic inches were occupied by the ozone before the mercury absorbed it; but these correspond to fifteen cubic inches of oxygen: hence, ozone must be denser than oxygen in the proportion of fifteen to ten, or three to two. And whatever result might have followed, a real absorption of

the ozone by the mercury would have as satisfactorily solved the problem.

But the result actually obtained did not admit of interpretation in this way. The apparent absorption of the ozone by the mercury, that is, the disappearance of the ozone from the mixture, was accompanied by *no diminution of volume at all*. In other words, returning to our illustrative case, after the absorption of the ozone from the ninety-five cubic inches occupied by the mixture, there still remained ninety-five cubic inches of oxygen; so that it seemed as though 0 cubic inches of ozone corresponded in weight to five cubic inches of oxygen. This solution, of course, could not be admitted, since it made the density of ozone *infinite*.

The explanation of this perplexing experiment is full of interest and instruction. We follow the account recently given by Mr. C. W. Heaton (Professor of Chemistry at Charing Cross Hospital) in the pages of a scientific contemporary, slightly modifying it, however, so that it may better suit our columns.

Modern chemists adopt, as a convenient mode of representing the phenomena which gases exhibit, the theory that every gas, whether elementary or compound, consists of minute molecules. They suppose that these molecules are of equal size, and are separated by equal intervals so long as the gas remains unchanged in heat and density. The view serves to account for the features of resemblance presented by all gases. The features in which gases vary are accounted for by the theory that the molecules are differently constituted. The molecules are supposed to be clusters of atoms, and the qualities of a gas are assumed to depend on the nature and arrangement of these ultimate atoms. The molecules of some elements consist but of a single atom; the molecules of others are formed by pairs of atoms; those of others by triplets; and so on. Again, the molecules of compound gases consist of combinations of different *kinds* of atoms.

Now, Dr. Odling, to whom we owe the solution of the perplexing problem described above, thus interpreted the observed phenomena. A molecule of oxygen contains two atoms, one of ozone contains three, *and the oxidizing power of ozone depends on the ease with which it parts with its third atom of oxygen*. Thus, in the experiment which perplexed Messrs. Andrews and Tait, the mercury only *seemed* to absorb the ozone; in reality it converted the ozone into oxygen by removing its third atom. And now we see how to interpret such a result as we considered in our illustrative case. Five

cubic inches of oxygen gave up their atoms, each atom combining with one of the remaining oxygen doublets, so as to form a set of ozone triplets. Clearly, then, fifteen cubic inches of oxygen were transformed into ozone. They now occupied but ten cubic inches; so that the mixture, or ozonized oxygen, contained eighty-five cubic inches of oxygen and ten of ozone. When the mercury was introduced, it simply transformed all the ozone triplets into oxygen doublets, by taking away the odd atom from each. It thus left ten cubic inches of oxygen, with the remaining eighty-five, constituted the ninety-five cubic inches observed to remain after the supposed absorption of the ozone.

It follows, of course, that ozone is half as heavy again as oxygen.

But, as Mr. Heaton remarked, "this beautiful hypothesis, although accounting perfectly for all known facts, was yet but a probability. One link was lacking in the chain of evidence, and that link M. Soré has supplied by a happily devised experiment." Although mercury and most substances are only capable of converting ozone into oxygen, oil of turpentine has the power of absorbing ozone in its entirety. Thus, when the experiment was repeated, with oil of turpentine in the place of the mercury, the ozone was absorbed, and the remaining oxygen, instead of occupying ninety-five inches, occupied but eighty-five. After this, no doubt could remain that Dr. Odling's ingeniously conceived hypothesis was the correct explanation of Messrs. Andrews and Tait's experiment.

We recognize, then, in ozone a sort of concentrated oxygen, with this peculiar property, that it possesses an extraordinary readiness to part with its characteristic third atom, and so disappear *as ozone*, two-thirds of its weight remaining as oxygen.

It is to this peculiarity that ozone owes the properties which render it so important to our welfare. We are indeed, as yet, in no position to theorize respecting this element, our knowledge of its very existence being so recent, and our information respecting its presence in our atmosphere being of still more recent acquisition.

Indeed, it is well remarked by Mr. Heaton, that we had, until quite lately, no reason for confidently adopting Schönbein's view that ozone exists in our atmosphere. The test-papers which Schönbein made use of turned blue under the influence of ozone, it is true, but they were similarly influenced by other elements which are known to exist in our atmosphere, and even the sun's rays turned them blue. However, Dr. Andrews

has shown how the character of the air producing the change can be further tested, so as to render it certain that ozone only has been at work. If air which colours the test-papers can be found to lose the property after being heated, the change can only be due to ozone, because nitrous and nitric acid (which have the power of colouring the test-papers) would not be removed by the heat, whereas ozone is changed by heat into oxygen.

Once we are certain that ozone exists in the air, we must recognize the fact, that its presence cannot fail to have an important bearing on our health and comfort; for ozone is an exceedingly active agent, and cannot exist anywhere without setting busily to its own proper work. What that work is, and whether it is beneficial or deleterious to ourselves, remains to be considered.

In the first place, ozone has immense power as a disinfectant. It decomposes the products emanating from putrefying matter more effectually than any other known element. Perhaps the most striking proof ever given of its qualities in this respect is that afforded by an experiment conducted by Dr. Richardson a few years ago.

He placed a pint of blood taken from an ox in a large wide-mouthed bottle. The blood had then coagulated, and it was left exposed to the air until it had become entirely redissolved by the effects of decomposition. At the end of a year the blood was put in a stoppered bottle, and set aside for seven years. "The bottle was then taken from its hiding-place," says Dr. Richardson, "and an ounce of the blood was withdrawn. The fluid was so offensive as to produce nausea when the gases evolved from it were inhaled. It was subjected by Dr. Wood and myself to a current of ozone. For a few minutes the odour of ozone was destroyed by the odour of the gases from the blood; gradually the offensive smell passed away; then the fluid mass became quite sweet, and at last a faint odour of ozone was detected, whereupon the current was stopped. The blood was thus entirely deodorized; but another and most singular phenomenon was observed. The dead blood coagulated as the products of decomposition were removed, and this so perfectly, that from the new clot that was formed serum exuded. Before the experiment commenced, I had predicted on theoretical grounds that secondary coagulation would follow on purification; and this experiment, as well as several others afterwards performed, verified the truth of the prediction."

It will of course be understood that ozone in thus acting as a disinfectant is trans-

formed into oxygen. It parts with its third atom as in the mercury experiment, and thus loses its distinctive peculiarity. Thus we might be led to anticipate the results which come next to be considered.

Ozone has certain work to do, and in doing that work is transmuted into oxygen. It follows, then, that where there has been much work for ozone to do, there we shall find little ozone left in the air. Hence, in open spaces where there is little decomposing matter, we should expect to find more ozone than in towns or cities. This accords with what is actually observed. And not only is it found that country air contains more ozone than town air, but it is found that air which has come from the sea has more ozone than even the country air, while air in the crowded parts of large cities has no ozone at all, nor has the air of inhabited rooms.

So far as we have gone, we might be disposed to speak unhesitatingly in favour of the effects produced by ozone. We see it purifying the air which would otherwise be loaded by the products of decomposing matter, we find it present in the sea-air and the country air, which we know to be so bracing and health-restoring after a long residence in town, and we find it absent just in those places which we look upon as the most unhealthy.

Again, we find further evidence of the good effects of ozone in the fact, that cholera and other epidemics never make their dreaded appearance in the land when the air is well supplied with ozone—or in what the meteorologists call the "ozone-periods." And though we cannot yet explain the circumstance quite satisfactorily, we yet seem justified in ascribing to the purifying and disinfecting qualities of ozone our freedom at those times from epidemics to which cleanliness and good sanitary regulations are notably inimical.

But there is a reverse side to the picture. And as we described an experiment illustrating the disinfecting qualities of ozone before describing the good effects of the element, we shall describe an experiment illustrating certain less pleasing qualities of ozone before discussing the deleterious influences which it seems capable of exerting.

Dr. Richardson found that when the air of a room was so loaded with ozone as to be only respirable with difficulty, animals placed in the room were affected in a very singular manner. "In the first place," he says, "all the symptoms of nasal catarrh and of irritation of the mucous membranes of the nose, the mouth, and the throat were rapidly induced. Then followed free se-

cretion of saliva and profuse action of the skin — perspiration. The breathing was greatly quickened, and the action of the heart increased in proportion." When the animals were suffered to remain yet longer within the room, congestion of the lungs followed, and the disease called by physicians "congestive bronchitis" was set up.

A very singular circumstance was noticed also as to the effects of ozone on the different orders of animals. The above-mentioned effects, and others which accompanied them, the description of which would be out of place in these pages, were developed more freely in carnivorous than in herbivorous animals. Rats, for example, were much more easily influenced by ozone than rabbits were.

The results of Dr. Richardson's experiments prepare us to hear that ozone-peri-

ods, though characterized by the absence of certain diseases, bring with them their own forms of disease. Apoplexy, epilepsy, and other similar diseases seem peculiarly associated with the ozone-periods, inasmuch that eighty per cent. of the deaths occurring from them take place on days when ozone is present in the air in larger quantities than usual. Catarrh, influenza, and affections of the bronchial tubes, also affect the ozone-periods.

We see, then, that we have yet much to learn respecting ozone before we can pronounce definitely whether it is more to be welcomed or dreaded. We must wait until the researches which are in progress have been carried out to their conclusion, and perhaps even further modes of inquiry will have to be pursued before we can form a definite opinion.

From Good Words.

A LARK'S FLIGHT.

In the quiet city park,
Between the dawn and the dark,
Loud and clear,
That all may hear,
Sings the lark.

Beyond the low black line
Of trees the dawn peeps red;
Clouds blow woolly and fine
In the blue lift overhead;
Out of the air is shaken
A fresh and glistening dew,
And the city begins to waken,
And tremble through and through.
See! (while through street and lane
The people pour again,
And lane and alley and street
Grow hoarse to a sound of feet),
Here and there

A human shape comes, dark
Against the cool white air,
Fitting across the park;
While over the dew-drench'd green,
Singing his "Hark, oh! hark!"
Hovering, hovering, dimly seen,
Rises the lark.

"Mystery! O mystery!"
Clear he sings to lightening day.
"Mystery! O mystery!"
Up into the air with me;
Come away, come away!"

Who is she that, wan and white,
Shivering in the chilly light,
Shadeth weary eyes to see
Him who makes the melody?

She is nameless, she is dull,
She has ne'er been beautiful,
She is stain'd in brain and blood,
Gross with mire, and foul with mud, —
Thing of sorrow, what knows she
Of the mighty mystery?

The lark sings sad and low:
"The city is dull and mean;
There is woe! there is woe!
Never a soul is clean.
The city is dark; the wrong is deep;
Too late to moan — too late to weep!
Tired, tired! — sleep, sleep!"

Who is he, the stooping one,
Smiling coldly in the sun;
Arms behind him lightly thrown,
Pacing up and down alone?
'Tis the great philosopher,
Smoothly wrapt in coat of fur,
Soothly pondering, manwit wise,
At his morning exercise.
He has weigh'd the winds and floods;
He is rich in gather'd goods;
He is crafty, and can prove
God is Brahma, Christ, nor Jove;
He is mighty, and his soul
Flits about from pole to pole,
Chasing signs of God about,
In a pleasant kind of doubt, —
What, to help the mystery,
Sings the lark to such as he?

The lark cries,
"Praise to Nature's plan!
Year on year she plies
Her toil of sun and skies,
Till the beast flowers up in man;

Lord of effect and cause,
 Palid and proud stalks he,
 Till the voice in the cloud cries, 'Pause!'
 And he pauses bitterly
 On the verge of the mystery."

O, loud and clear, that all may hear,
 Rising higher with "Hark, oh! hark!"
 Higher, higher, higher, higher,
 Quivering as the dull red fire
 Of dawn grows brighter, cries the lark;
 And they who listen there while he
 Singeth loud of mystery,
 Interpret him in undertone
 With a meaning of their own,
 Measuring his melody
 By their own soul's quality.

Tall and stately, fair and sweet,
 Walketh maiden Marguerite,
 Musing there on maid and man,
 In pale mood patrician,
 To all she sees her eyes impart
 The colour of a maiden heart;
 Heart's chastity is on her face;
 She scents the air with nameless grace,
 And where she goes, with heart astir,
 Colour and motion follow her.

What should the singer sing
 Unto so sweet a thing,
 But "Oh! my love loves me!
 And the love I love best is guarding the nest,
 While I cheer her merrily, —
 Come up high! come up high! to a cloud in
 the sky!
 And sing of your soul with me!"

Elbows on the grassy green,
 Scowling face his palms between,
 Yonder gaunt thief meditates
 Treason deep against his mates;
 For his great hands itch to hold
 Both the pardon and the gold.
 Still he listens unaware,
 Scowling round with sullen stare,
 Gnawing at his under lip,
 Pond'ring friends and fellowship,
 Thinking of a friendly thing
 Done to him in suffering,
 And of happy days and free
 Spent in that rough companie;
 Till he seeks the bait no more, —
 And the lark is conqueror.

For the lark says plain,
 "Who sells his friend is mean;
 Better hang than drain
 The poison'd gold of the queen —
 A whip for the rogue who'd tell
 The lives of his mates away —
 Better the rope and the cell!
 Better the devils of hell!
 Come away! come away!"

O lark! O lark!
 Up, up! for it is light,
 The souls stream out of the dark,
 And the city's spires gleam bright;
 The world, the world, is awake again,
 Each wanders on his way,
 The wonderful waters break again
 In the white and perfect day.
 Nay! nay! descend not yet,
 But higher, higher, higher,
 Up through the air, and whet
 Thy wings in the solar fire!
 There, hovering in ecstasy,
 Sing, "Mystery, O mystery!"

O lark! O lark! hadst thou the might
 Beyond the cloud to wing thy way,
 To sing and soar in wondrous flight,
 It might be well for men this day.
 Beyond that cloud there is a zone,
 And in that zone there is a land,
 And in that land, upon a throne,
 A mighty Spirit sits alone,
 With musing cheek upon his hand.
 And all is still and all is sweet
 Around the silence of his seat, —
 Beneath the waves of wonder flow, —
 And coolly on his hands and feet
 The years melt down as falling snow.

O lark! O lark!
 Up! for thy wings are strong;
 While the day is breaking,
 And the city is waking,
 Sing a song of wrong —
 Sing of the weak man's tears,
 Of the strong man's agony,
 The passion, the hopes, the fears,
 The heaped-up pain of the years,
 The terrible mystery.
 O lark! we might rejoice,
 Couldst reach that distant land,
 For we cannot hear His voice,
 And we often miss His hand;
 And the heart of each is ice
 To the kiss of sister and brother;
 And we see that one man's vice
 Is the virtue of another;
 Yea, each that hears thee sing
 Translates thy song to speech,
 And lo! the rendering
 Is so different with each.
 The gentle are oppressed,
 The foul man fareth best,
 Wherever we seek, our gain
 Is bitter, and salt with pain.
 In one soft note and long
 Gather our sense of wrong —
 Rise up, O lark! from the clod,
 Up, up, with soundless wings, —
 Rise up to God! rise up, rise up, to God!
 Tell Him these things!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.